

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Photo. by H. S. MENDELSSOHN,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

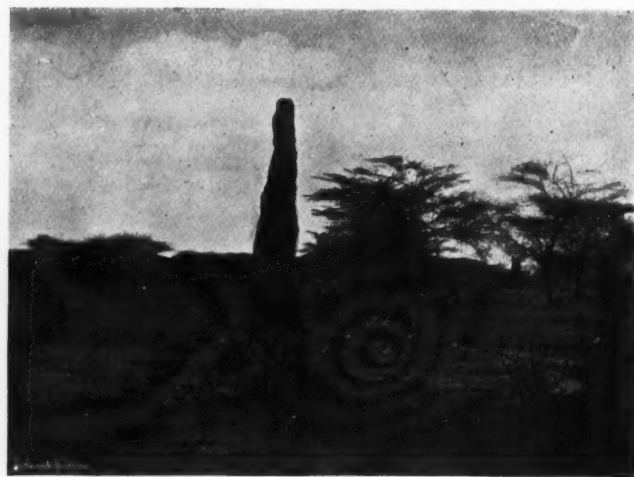
Pembridge Crescent, W



THE primary purpose of Captain Bonham Christie's expedition to Somaliland was a sporting one—the killing of big game, elephants, lions, and the rest of the varied bag—and it was a purpose that the expedition excellently well fulfilled, as will appear in due course. But incidentally it gave him the opportunity of forming some very valuable judgments on certain points of a rather wider interest, such as the latent possibilities of Somaliland as a cattle-raising country, the fine qualities which, accompanied by their appropriate defects, the Somali undoubtedly possess, and the exceeding ill turn that we have done them in handing them over a defenceless prey to their Abyssinian neighbours. On this point Captain Christie speaks with a very emphatic voice.

There is, of course, no question of the ability with which Mr. Rennell Rodd conducted his mission to Menelik, but unfortunately there seems equally little doubt of the nameless cruelties and atrocities of which the wretched Somali have been made the victims at the hands of the Abyssinians. No doubt, again, there were difficulties. Where are there not? There were difficulties in the way of "exploiting" Somaliland as a cattle-raising country—the freezing of the meat perhaps the least of the difficulties, the occasional devastating visitations of the rinderpest perhaps one of the greatest. None, perhaps, were insurmountable, for the main fact must abide, that the Somali is, to use Captain Christie's term, "a born herdsman." He calculates that even now the expense of £2,000 in equipping the

Somali people with old Sniders, or cheap trade guns, and ammunition would put them in a position to defy the cruelties of the Abyssinian, for the Somali is a brave man. Very lately, even since Captain Christie was in the country, a well-known shikari of the Somali saved the life of a young Englishman by actually jumping on the back of a lioness that had the young Englishman down and was comfortably munching him, and literally pulling her off him by the ears. She appears to have been so surprised by this ungallant treatment, that she quitted her prospective meal and slunk off into the bush,



AN ANTHILL.



HADJI DOALLA.

where the Englishman, though he was but just turned twenty-one, and though this was his first meeting with a lady of the species, used his little remaining strength to follow and shoot her; which done, he fainted, and was carried to the coast.

This little anecdote speaks not amiss for British pluck; but one does not find words in which to praise the conduct of the shikari. Naturally, all are not so brave, but a nation that can produce one such man can scarcely be a nation of cowards; and this is but one anecdote among many. The companions of Captain Christie's enterprise were Colonel Mainwaring, of the 24th Regiment, and Captain Sparrow, of the 7th Dragoons. The three requisites, as stated by Captain Christie, for the perfect enjoyment of a shikar expedition of this kind, are the best of health, the best of spirits, and the best of companions with whom to share the fun. In the case of the present expedition none of these ingredients were lacking. Next to the three Englishmen the person of highest importance in the expedition was HADJI DOALLA, the headman, of whom the first picture gives a faithful representation. No less than three times had the faithful and devout Hadji been on pilgrimages to Mecca, and the habit that he had acquired of invoking Allah on all imaginable occasions became now and again a little awkward at critical moments when some action of a more energetic kind would perhaps have been more helpful. But he is described by Captain Christie as a remarkably quick and intelligent man, who had seen a good deal of men and manners, and a fine-looking fellow, with great influence over the other servants. He had traded, not without success, in ivory and all the varied stock that comes from that wonderful interior of Africa which sends us continually something new. He had made several journeys in company with European masters, and his mind was stocked with interesting reminiscences and with critical views of some well-known African travellers which would astonish their admirers not a little.



He had stories to tell in support of his criticism—it is true that neither stories nor criticism could very easily be checked. Further, this interesting man had in contemplation, and actually in the stage of notes, a book which Captain Christie prophesies would have made the fortune of the publishing house that had the privilege of issuing it, with a deduction to be made for the immense costs of the libel suits that it must inevitably have entailed, by virtue of the aforesaid criticisms on eminent travellers. The costs, so far as Hadji would have been concerned, would have had to be taken out in many camels; but, alas! poor Hadji, with all his virtues and his candid criticisms, is no more, having sunk together with all hands of a little coasting steamer plying between Berbera and Aden, which went out gaily one afternoon and was never heard of again. He was son of a chief of one of the coast Somali tribes, and had the greatest possible contempt for the "jungle men," as he styled all those Somalis that had never been to Aden. The monsoons can blow hard in these parts and make the passage dangerous and troublous, and it was in the teeth of one of these that the expedition started, in a tiny coasting vessel that they had hired at Aden for the passage across to Berbera. The kit, quickly purchased in Aden, consisted of a varied assortment, which included ponies,



THE CAMP.

numerous servants, and the aforesaid Hadji. The passage took twice the usual time, and the boat was blown some 60 knots out of its course, so the expedition was fairly fortunate in arriving at Berbera just as dusk was falling. Tents were pitched and the kit piled in the square before the Egyptian mosque, and the next three days were a din of kit sorting, package making, camel buying, buying of auxiliary ponies, mules and stores, all in the midst of tropical heat, dazzling sun, blinding dust storms, and shouting natives. Throughout these troubles the kindness of Captain Cox, the English Resident, and his wife is gratefully remembered and recorded by the expedition.

At length all was ready, and two miles out from Berbera there was no sign of human life, save the desolate narrow path by which the expedition had so far journeyed and was to journey on, four or five days more, ever with the fine mountain range of the Gau Libah on the left hand, until the two small hills named the Nan Habloid were sighted some considerable distance away.

It was here that the two photographs of THE CAMP, of which our pictures are reproductions, were taken, under circumstances of some difficulty. The foreground is the bed of a river some 20 yds. wide, dry, at the moment of commencing the photographic business, save for a tiny trickle of water scarce perceptible. Yet barely was the photograph taken before this was transformed into a rushing cataract of seething, frothing, brown muddy water. The river had come down in spate. Instantly, as it seemed, it had filled the whole content of the river's bed and was almost at the tent doors, and all hands were at once at work salvaging the kit, which had been piled too near the edge. In two hours' time the torrent had spent itself, and dwindled down again to a small stream.

The next picture represents THE WATERING OF THE LIVE STOCK, an occasion of great rejoicing which was only enjoyed when the camp had the luck to be pitched in the neighbourhood of wells. Deep down in the mud holes naked men baled the water out in buckets, handing them up, one to another, till they reached the surface, then pouring it out into troughs. Water in inland Africa is neither pellucid nor crystalline, neither sweet nor cleansing. Hear a description by Mr. Delce of water at Mathlamabedi: "The well is dug out to a depth of about 13 ft.



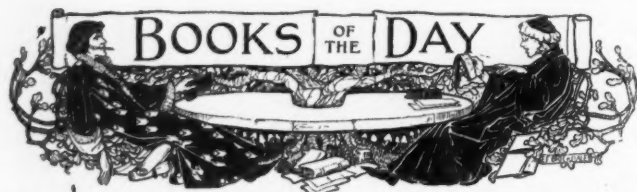
THE PARTY.



THE WATERING OF THE LIVE STOCK.

below the ground. . . . We ourselves were dying of thirst, but the water was so terrible that even the boys had not the courage to touch it. Imagine a mass of blackish mud, upon the top of which was a stagnant ooze of liquid animal manure." Such is water in Africa, a fluid which, after filtering, boiling, and impregnation with alum, is yet so horrible that to drink of it is dangerous; but not to drink is death.

(To be continued.)



TO that pleasant book of his writing, "Hints on the Management of Hawks," Mr. J. E. Harting has now added "Practical Falconry, Chapters Historical and Descriptive," and the whole is issued with some good illustrations from the *Field* office. Knowledge of this book and docile obedience to the precepts which it lays down will not, it is true, make a perfect falconer, but they will help the beginner to attain that skill in the sport which will enable him to begin to acquire that experience which, rightly used, makes for perfection. Of the manner of obtaining, tending, teaching, and flying peregrine, goshawk, merlin, or homely sparrow-hawk, the beginner shall here find every detail, and with its help the sportsman of means and of leisure who has not yet tried his hand with "a hawk and a hood, and bells and all," may add to his round of country pleasures. The main difficulties to be encountered are that tracts of ground suitable for hawking are few and far between, and that falconry *a la mode* must always be a costly business. That it makes up for its cost by the pleasure it gives is not to be denied. Mr. Harting describes, and has called others in to aid him in describing, many a wonderful flight with goshawk and peregrine and merlin, with a zest worthy of Mr. Lascelles, or Captain Radclyffe, or Major Hawkins Fisher. In a word, the reader enjoys the finest and one of the most ancient of sports vicariously. Some chapters dealing with foreign hawking make excellent reading, and it is pleasing to note that much can be done with the humble sparrow-hawk. Here I venture to throw out a hint. There are few beings whose intervals of daily leisure are so regular as those of the British schoolboy, and there are many schools so situate among or near to the Downs that a boy might do a good deal of hawking. He will do best with a merlin; but a sparrow-hawk trained on Mr. Harting's lines will serve his turn. Indeed you may use the sparrow-hawk in an enclosed country, for Mr. John Riley, of Putley Court, Herefordshire, records his exploits thus, "I had the best sparrow-hawk last season that I ever possessed. With her I took 1 pheasant (three-parts grown), 3 partridges, 56 blackbirds, 5 thrushes, 2 small birds, and 4 water-hens; total, 71 head." That is enough to make the mouth of quite an old boy water. What? No; it is not quite kind; but sport and humanitarianism never did agree.

In "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe" Mr. Ernest Young, aided by Mr. E. A. Norbury and others as illustrators, and by the publishers, Messrs. Constable, who have done their work remarkably well, has produced a volume of great value, and no less attractive than it is valuable. After many years' residence in the capital of Siam, Mr. Young tells us in graceful and lucid English, and with a minimum of comment, all that he has observed of the domestic life and of the domestic and religious rites and ceremonies of the Siamese. The result is that we form an idea of these people and their lives more complete in general outline and particular detail than any we possessed before. Light-hearted children of the sun and the water are the gentle Siamese. They have their faults of course;

but they are the faults of their environment. They are, from the Western point of view, idle; but so are all Orientals except the Chinese. "In a cold country a man who is not born to wealth must either work or starve. . . . But in a warm and fertile country where the fruit grows to your hand, and the earth brings forth her abundance for your maintenance, where the sun and rain perform nearly all the agricultural labour that is needed, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the people do not hanker after work." They are immoral also, like most Orientals, but "morality cannot be weighed in a balance or measured with a foot-rule." Certainly their life is full of charming pictures. We have descriptions of babies which swim before they walk, of charming children who stand in no need of discipline, of quaint and picturesque ceremonies, of almost amphibious life in sunshine and in water. We see a flower-loving, light-loving, cheerfully superstitious people who live for enjoyment; and it is well for us of the hard North-West to live in their atmosphere for a while. Into that atmosphere, certainly, Mr. Young transports us in cunning fashion; and he earns our gratitude.

I understand from a letter purporting to be written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan to the *Academy* that Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is much annoyed because somebody has suggested in error that her novel "Trewinnot of Guy's" (John Long) was written by Mr. Coulson Kernahan. The lady has a proper pride in her husband's reputation as a writer, and she shows it in her own despite. This book is not worthy of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and, judging by the spasmodic touches of power which it shows, is far from being as sound a book as his wife is capable of writing. The society represented is that of medical students at Guy's Hospital, and of doctors of the "shilling a bottle of medicine and advice" order. Of the former I have known many, of the latter none, wherefore I survive in robust health. I simply cannot believe in the medical student who could pawn his shirt—his only shirt, mind you—and associate with his fellows. But even if there were such an one, he would certainly not degrade himself by acting as assistant to a street quack. Medical students may be wild, and they may get credit for being a great deal wilder than they are; they may be hard driven at times for money, and no blame to them; but it is only just to protest against grotesque libels such as "Trewinnot of Guy's" abounds in. For the women, especially Daisy, they are vulgar beyond belief; and the fraudulent solicitor Vowlett is stagey. In a word, this is a very poor, disappointing, overstrained book, and by no means worthy of the author of "The House of Rimmon." Mrs. Coulson Kernahan would do well to think better of her fellow-creatures, or, if she must describe them at their worst, to do it in natural colours.

Let me turn to a book robust and healthy, full of activity and vigour, from the pen of Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton. It is called "Across the Salt Seas," and is published by Messrs. Methuen. For the life of me I could not tell you why Mr. Burton is not as good a writer of historical romance as Mr. Stanley Weyman, and, to speak plain truth, I think him far better. In what, after all, does Mr. Weyman's prime merit consist? In surrounding an ancient tale with an archaic and appropriate atmosphere. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton does this just as well. His heroes and heroines, when they are masquerading as heroes, finger the quillons of their swords, whatever those may be, and use strange terms, and say 'tis and 'twas always with the most Weymanesque air in the world. Moreover, his story moves; it carries you straight along in its restless grasp; it hurries you through the wildest adventures. The scene is laid in Spain in the days of Marlborough, and later in the Low Countries. So one gets the cutting out of the Spanish fleet at Vigo, endless adventures in Spain, a girl disguised as a man, passing lovely and past mistress of the foil, buccaneers disguised as monks, reckless night rides, Blenheim itself, the Antinous Marlborough, Anna Regina, and a progress through the city. What could man want more than events of this kind told by a practised writer. Beshrew me! 'tis an excellent book, and well worth the reading; plenty of excitement is here, and never a particle of offence.

Anybody who wants to know who Andrée is, or more probably was, and how his balloon was constructed, and how at last it started, and how one, or perhaps two, Frenchmen felt when they were sea-sick, will be well advised to read "Andrée and his Balloon," by H. Lachambre and A. Machuron (Constable). The style is excitable, exasperatingly French. The book does not tell us what happened to Andrée. Nobody knows or is likely to, nor is there any use in being sympathetic. His was a silly enterprise.

## GOLF LINKS.—IV. Sandwich.

SANDWICH, and the St. George's Golf Club, has always been a land of magnificent carries. "Always" does not mean an immense time, for the formal institution of golf at Sandwich is matter of recent date. But the green has

assumed great importance. It is conveniently within reach of London, so that a man can leave London in the morning and get a full day's golf there before nightfall, or can have his two rounds at Sandwich and dine in London. Thus it has

advantages over Westward Ho! geographically, and, as far as London is concerned, over Hoylake. But Hoylake has its Liverpool nearer at hand than the London of Sandwich. It was a great waste wild place of sand-hills when the golfer took it in hand some ten or twelve years since. Dr. Purves was one of the actively moving spirits, the late Mr. Henry Lamb another, and the late Mr. W. C. Anderson a third. There are others to whom apology is due, among the earliest pioneers; but these were prominent. At that time the coastguard station, beyond the fifth green, and the farmhouse, which has been regenerated into the club-house, were all the signs of human habitation. For the rest it was a howling wilderness of sand-hills, with some turf



F. T. Palmer.

THE CLUB-HOUSE.

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between, and some yellow marram grass decking them. It is rather like that still; only that the sand-hills are alive with little beings, sometimes in red coats, who are golfers, and that the golfer has won more turf out of the sand and marram. There are some holes away down by the sea, on the shores of Pegwell Bay, across which are the white cliffs below the houses of Ramsgate, where the turf was all that the golfer might execrate most righteously for a few years—just a little coating of moss lying on sand. The moss came away when the iron touched it, leaving the sand, and generally the ball. It was horrid. Now it is hard good turf. No man need complain of it, nor does till he has missed his shot; but this is not the turf's fault.

Even before this wilderness was quite redeemed to golfing uses, there are hints—gleams of light across prehistoric darkness—that it had not been totally untouched by the gently transforming wand of the golfer—who never forgets to replace the divot. At that coastguard station there had been quartered a member of the coastguard service—I am sure I may mention his name, Mr. Luck, who still keeps up a good game on the links of Brancaster—he had learned golf in the North, at Alnmouth was it? or in Forfarshire?—at all events he saw the possibilities of golf in the Sandwich wilderness, went out and dug holes with a knife (that knife ought to be preserved among the treasures of the St. George's Club), sunk galli-pots, in lieu of tins, into the holes to preserve their circles, finally played golf. This was in the neighbourhood of the present fifth green, which is the nearest to the coastguard station; and it is there that some folks think the St. George's Club-house ought to be. It would be rather a business getting out to it, but, of course, that is a detail. Once there it would be very nice.

No one knows whether Mr. Luck ever carried the Maiden, as he certainly would have done with ease had he ever had occasion to try, but I am not sure whether this tentative Sandwich golf ever stretched across the great bunker. However, it does not seem clear that even he was the first that ever drove a golf ball on the Sandwich links. There is a legend that some thirty years ago a Mr. Ogilvy, I believe a schoolmaster by profession (and it is to be hoped that he still lives to confirm or



ADDRESSING HIS BALL.

contradict all I propose to say of him), played golf over the wilderness; but he came from Sandwich town way, as it appears, and very probably, in that case, would have knocked the ball about rather on that stretch that lies Ramsgate way from the fourteenth green, and where golf is not played at all now—except accidentally, when someone slices, on the way to the fourteenth hole, and plays back from across the railings.

By way of illustration of Sandwich one would have liked a likeness of these earlier pioneers, but we have to be content with some very famous ones, that will readily be recognised, of more recent and more familiar figures. Sandwich itself has "bits" that might be illustrated, but they interest the antiquary more than the golfer. It used to be a Cinque Port, but the sea has left it stranded miles inshore. But the coasters still come up and deposit "many cargoes"—with luck you may also attend a "skipper's wooing"—in front of the balcony of the Bell Hotel overlooking the Medway. Here you are more than a mile from the links, if you drive, about a mile if you walk along the causeway over the water-meadows. Perhaps the actual course is too well known to bear description again. You can get to the first hole in two, with two good ones; the second has to carry a bunker just before the green. Drive and iron, drive and iron, are the measure of second and third; fourth you may reach in two, and fifth in one, but more likely with a stroke more at each. Then comes the Maiden, which is done either in very few or very many, according as the tee shot is "in" or "over" "Hades." The eighth is rather like it, and seventh and ninth should be five and four apiece. This outgoing has been done in 33—not often. The home-going is a deal longer. Its first three holes are remarkably well done in four apiece, and the next three at an average of five are "no that bad." The last three again may be fours, but it needs steady play to get them. This would make the home-going 39, and if we could put the 33 to this the result, by simple arithmetic, is 72. But golf is not done by simple arithmetic, so the best that has ever been done for the whole round is 76, at its full length. Several people have done this. There is a length, fuller than full, to which the



A VIGOROUS STROKE.

course is stretched specially for the St. George's Challenge Vase—a trophy open to all amateur golfers—and this stretched course was done in 78 by Mr. Eric Hambro in 1897—a record. It was in the length of the thirteenth hole, and before that at the sixth and the twelfth holes, that the turf used to be so loose and crumbly; but it is quite good there now, and the whole course grows better each year that it is played on. Its great features are the carries from the tee. Except at the long home-coming holes—those three for which five is a good average—the second stroke is not such a great matter, often a matter only of an iron stroke. But if the tee shot be not hit far, with a long carry, the bunker is generally its bourne. There are ways round that the short drivers discover, or



F. T. Palmer.

THE LINKS.

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fail to discover, but it takes a man of rare moral courage to confess himself in this category. Only the old and "pawky" are wise enough, or shameless enough, to prefer the safe way round to the adventurous way in. One should not grow tired of golfing at Sandwich, for the holes are full of interest and of varied interest. They do not repeat themselves. To the stranger it is a drawback that so many of them are "blind," so that one does not see the flag while the approach is being played; but any ignorance of the exact direction is, of course, the stranger's fault—for being a stranger. The more

you play there the sooner you cease to be a stranger, so the pleasure should increase. But there is never quite the same satisfaction, none the less, in your playing your ball over a hill and wondering, till you come to the top, how near the hole it has gone, as there is in watching the ball alight, seeing where it got "that confounded kick," and being able to point out the cause of offence, and talk about it afterward. There is not much in Sandwich golf that one can take exception to, and it has "features" in profusion—too great profusion now and again. It is a fine course.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## "YOU DON'T ALWAYS KNOW YOUR LUCK."

WHEN Mr. Singleton started for New York, he felt that he was making a sacrifice. He was conscious that not many men would take a week's voyage, and submit themselves to the tedium of twenty-four hours' railway journey at the end of it, in order that they might be present at a friend's wedding. But the circumstances were peculiar. Bob Collier was his very particular friend—his *fidus Achates*—and the bond between them had even proved strong enough to survive a five years' separation. Two young men had actually maintained a five years' correspondence, and with something approaching regularity. Now Pythias had succumbed to the charms of some little Yankee girl—Singleton thought of her as a "Yankee" girl, though the application would not have been considered correct by one versed in American distinctions—and Damon was on his way out to present the silver for their dinner-table, and make the lady's acquaintance. It must be admitted that he had less desire to make the lady's acquaintance than to shake Pythias by the hand again, and, as a matter of fact, that he cherished a vague sort of grudge against her for displacing him in his pal's affections. It had been his idea—a sort of airy castle in Spain—that when Collier had "made his pile" he would return to London and renew their pleasant association which fate had severed. He had frequently permitted himself, in reverie and tobacco smoke, to see such a state of affairs—Collier going to his tailor and being rendered presentable to the eyes of Piccadilly again, and many jolly little dinners and joint chambers once more. He sighed to the ocean. Bob was going to be married instead, the fool, and he would live in Chicago permanently now, no doubt; and really, if he didn't, it would not make much difference with a wife to cry, "What, going to see that Mr. Singleton again!"

He had, by the time the steamer touched the New York quay, contrived to dislike the unmet Miss Lynwood with the greatest cordiality. He went ashore prepared to grumble at the hotel accommodation, to find the climate intolerable, and to detest all America and everything American to the utmost limit of his capacity. In the mood he was in he was glad that the cabman who drove him to the Fifth Avenue caravanserai robbed him, for to have found a civil Jehu and be asked for a moderate fare would have upset his newly-acquired theories. He spent a day in New York morosely, and the following morning stepped "aboard" the veritable train bound for Chicago.

After he had made himself comfortable, and scattered his papers about him to his liking, he found that he was seated in proximity to a singularly pretty girl. She was apparently travelling alone, and in view of the fact that they would be companions for a long time, Singleton considered that conversation with her might just as well be essayed soon as late. Indeed, better. After it had been opened, he congratulated himself on having held that opinion.

She was indisputably a very nice girl indeed. She had, to begin with, most captivating eyes and a clear fresh voice. She boasted too an entirely charming smile, which really repaid one for the trouble of being witty, and disclosed in addition a set of teeth that shone like pearls. He was reluctant at the end of a couple of hours to describe her as a "jolly little flirt," but that is what he called her mentally before he liked her so much.

"Yes, I acknowledge it is my first visit to your country," he said, when she taxed him with being a "Britisher," "and I'm horridly forlorn! I've nobody to tell me what I ought to see, or where I ought to go. Don't you sympathise with me?"

"Tremendously," she declared, with another of her captivating smiles. "Why don't you buy a guide-book?"

"I didn't know you'd got so far as guide-books over here," he said. "Really? You are getting on famously for a new country."

She laughed, but averred she was indignant. Her indignation was very piquante; but he implored her to forgive him. He was in doubt, when she consented, whether her forgiveness was not more irresistible than her indignation.

"Of course," she asked, after a few minutes, "you are going to visit Niagara? You have heard of Niagara?"

"A waterfall, or a mountain, isn't it?" enquired Mr. Singleton.

"A mountain," she said, "with buffaloes on the top. They grow there, you know, and live on the pumpkins."

"It must be very interesting," he said gravely. "Yes, I shall go there one day if I have time."

She stared at him, and then clapped her hands gaily.

"I do honestly believe," she exclaimed, "that you mean that! Is it possible you don't know that we touch Niagara on the way to Chicago, and that you can continue the journey by a later train?"

"No," said Singleton, "upon my word I did not know. What a duffer I am. Then I can go to-day?"

"Of course you can," she answered. "Lots of the people round us will do that. It gives you a couple of hours or so at the Falls."

"And are you going?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know," said she tantalisingly. "No, I don't think so."

"Oh, do," he begged. "I know I shall fall in, or something if I go alone—and then think of your responsibility. Do come too, please."

He had been aware from the commencement that his persuasions to her would prevail, but he felt nevertheless a glow of unreasonable satisfaction when they at last left the primitive station together, and got into the rickety trap, whose driver chattered facts and figures so incessantly. He felt more satisfied still when the drive was accomplished, and they wandered away in the direction of the huge roar, side by side over the grass. Perhaps the companion of a few hours is not the one one would select under ordinary circumstances with whom to make the acquaintance of the Falls of Niagara, but in this girl Singleton was surprised every minute to find some further grace—a spring of

wit, a touch of sympathy, which often made the brief time he had known her difficult to recollect. They enjoyed themselves vastly. She permitted him to offer her an ice-cream, and a souvenir of the visit from the fancy bazaar where pebbles and yard measures and photographs were sold. He purchased a view of the Horseshoe Fall, and begged her to keep it as a memento of what had been to him an extraordinarily happy afternoon.

"So extraordinary as all that?" she asked, with her enchanting smile again. "So extraordinary," said Singleton, "that if I told you you would be angry with me."

She looked down at the foam boiling and dashing on the rocks. They seemed as entirely alone there as was the earliest aborigine who discovered the spot. "I am never angry," she murmured. "I am much too well-behaved."

He lost his head. He touched her hand, and, though she started, she did not draw it away.

"You are a darling!" he said, and, as he turned, he caught her to him, and kissed her on the cheek.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed angrily. "How dare you!"

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I am ashamed of myself."

"I thought you were a gentleman!"

"I feel I have forfeited the right to call myself one."

"Yes, indeed," she assented. "Please let us go back to the station, at once."

He walked beside her humbly. "Will you ever pardon me? I am so sorry to have offended you," he said.

"Offended me!"

"I cannot be sorry to have—I mean I can only be sorry to have given you cause for offence."

"Your explanation is worse than your insult," she declared.

"Worse?"

"Nothing could be worse!" she cried.

"I fancied you said it was. I mistook you. I beg you to believe that I am as contrite as you could wish me to be. I am under your feet; I daren't look at you."

"Oh, it will not kill you to look at me," she said. "I am not so deadly."

"I am not so sure of that," he returned in a low voice. "If you will give me that photograph back for a moment I should like to write something on it. Will you?"

She withdrew it coldly, and taking out his pencil-case, and leaving a blank for her name, he wrote: "Here was lost Miss —'s good opinion, and Mr. Percy Singleton's peace of mind." He restored it to her respectfully. "I have been obliged to omit your name," he said, "but you know it is yours that is meant, and I assure you that I don't exaggerate when I say how guilty I am."

"I am aware of no reason why I should conceal my name," she replied. "My name is 'Miss Lynwood,' but I do not accept Mr. Singleton's apology."

For a moment the young man's faculties tottered. "Lynwood," had she said? Could it be—was it possible that out of all the Continent of America, the malignant humour of the Fates had thrown Bob's *fiancée* in his path, to be kissed and insulted? And—hang it!—she had encouraged him! She had flirted with him; not desperately, perhaps, but far too much for the girl who was going to be Bob's wife in a week. He stared at her blankly.

"I—I—forgive the question," he faltered, "but your name is familiar to me. May I ask if you know a gentleman in Chicago called Robert—or 'Bob'—Collier?"

"I know him very well indeed," she said. "He will be at the station to meet me, and if I can point you out to him, I mean to tell him of your behaviour to me."

The world rocked about him. The bombshell had fallen, and, there, no more could be said. He accompanied her to the platform speechlessly, and they took their seats in the train. The deplorable agony on his countenance puzzled her; was he afraid? She would be sorry to think he was a coward, though it had nothing to do with her. She retired behind *Puck*, and when she put it aside Singleton ingratiatingly offered her *Judge*. She declined it with chilly politeness. He looked out through the window, and wished he had never met her—wished he had met her before Bob had—wondered what the deuce was to be the end of it all. Not a nice wife for Bob, he decided; a nice wife for himself, he thought madly, but—well, no, not a nice wife for himself, either, considering she was engaged when she let him take her to Niagara and touch her hand. But how pretty, and—yes, a nice disposition, he would say, if she had only been free to coquette with him. Bother Bob! What was this?—heavens, it was Chicago. How many hours had passed while he looked at her? Had he slept, had he eaten, had he smoked, or had he lived on folly and on love? She was gathering up her scent-bottle, her books, and her gloves. Somebody spoke. She gave a cry of pleasure, and he perceived Bob Collier holding out his arms to her, and next they kissed. Collier could see him across her shoulder.

"Percy, my dear old Percy!" he exclaimed. He wrung his hand, and laughed with delight. Then he turned from him to the girl and laughed again. "Why, this is funny," he declared. "You two have been travelling up from New York together, and don't know each other. Percy, let me introduce you to Miss Lynwood, the young lady who, for the punishment of my sins, is to be my sister-in-law next week!"

F. C. PHILLIPS.



## THE BASS ROCK.

"IT'S an unco' place the Bass," was the unvarying remark of the keeper of the rock to the kidnapped hero of "Catriona." Mr. Stevenson puts into the mouth of David Balfour his own feelings as to this sea-girt prison of rock. "It is so I always think of it. It was an unco' place by night; unco' by day; and there were unco' sounds, of the calling of the solans and the splash of the sea, and the rock echoes, that hung continually in our ears." There is only one place quite like it, even on the Scotch coasts, and that is Ailsa Craig, an even more tremendous, because less accessible, mass of sea-bird-haunted precipices.

The Bass stands exactly like a kerb-stone on the route of the ships fetching round the blunt promontory of North Berwick into the Firth of Forth, at a distance of two miles from the nearest shore. It is a huge mass of trap rock, a mile round, 300ft. high, and in shape nearly circular. On west, east, and north, the precipices rise perpendicularly from the water, but on the landward side there is a steep grass slope, shelving from the crest of the precipices almost to the water's edge. The "unco' sounds" heard on the Bass are due in part to the rush of the sea and of the confined air in a tunnel which the waves have pierced through a portion of the rock; but the cries of the countless sea-fowl in spring and early summer quite overpower the roar of the sea, or of the working of imprisoned waves and winds in the Æolian caves below.

The story of the Bass itself is full of human interest, and its present condition is as attractive as ever to the naturalist. During the long persecution of the Covenanters it was for years the prison-house of the "saints," exiled there by Lauderdale and the Duke of York, afterwards James II. It is not recorded



Frith and Co.,

TANTALLON CASTLE AND THE BASS ROCK.

Reigate.

which of the Council has to be credited with the happy thought; but that body recommended Charles II. to buy the Bass outright as a prison for the unhappy Covenanters. James II. took an active and personal part in this persecution, though he was himself a Papist, and therefore could have had no conscientious scruples as to whether his victims conformed to the Establishment or held to the Covenant. Other people, says Macaulay, persecuted and burnt to force people into the right road to heaven. It was reserved for James to imprison and torture for the difference between two roads to hell. By this amiable Prince the Bass was used as a kind of "dumping ground" for those whom he caught on that road to hell which he favoured least. His brother, Charles II., paid £4,000 for it and built a prison there, in the



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SOLAN GEESE.

Dundee.

ruins of which (it was demolished in 1701) the hero of "Catriona" was confined. Its last connection with history was as unique as the rock itself. Four Jacobite prisoners managed to surprise the rock; and with the aid of twelve more who joined them, they held it against William III. from June, 1691, to April, 1694, when they surrendered on honourable terms, probably because there was no longer any prospect of a Jacobite success, for the return of the sea-fowl in spring brought them an inexhaustible supply of food.

The bird population has also an interesting history and more individuality than many colonies of the rock-fowl frequenting most of our British precipices. The colony mainly consists of gannets. How many thousands come there to breed every spring is not accurately known. The lessee of the island, who makes his profit out of the young birds, is no more likely to be communicative on that point than the lessee of a salmon fishery on the Tay. But there are very many thousands. During the time the gannets are on the rock, where they arrive at the end of March, they exhibit the curious tameness which some other sea-fowl show at this time; many of them are then constantly under the eye of the keeper of the rock. From observations made by different keepers it is ascertained that the birds do not breed until they are four years old, and certain marked birds have been known to return to the same nesting ground for upwards of forty years in succession. The young and immature gannets would never be recognised as the same species as their



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FORTRESS ON THE BASS ROCK.

Dundee.

creamy-white parents, though they are quite as large. There are a family of gannets at the Zoo at present, which are black speckled with white, and somewhat like a great Northern diver.

The young birds taken from the rock are sold as "solangeese," and some people profess to like them. We doubt if in England they would find purchasers even at the current price of eighteen-pence each. But taste in birds for the table is very greatly a matter of fashion, or our ancestors would not have paid four times as much for a heron or bittern in the market as they did for a wild duck.

C. J. CORNISH.

## RED DEER ANTLERS.

THE antlers of British red deer do not compare in size with the giant heads in collections on the Continent. But if they do not equal those collected for centuries by the noble owners of German and Austrian forests, they are still the finest trophy of the chase to be won in this country.

Grouped on the walls of halls and staircases, as in THE HALL AT BRODICK CASTLE, in the Isle of Arran, or in corridors, where the lines of antlers on either side have the effect of a pattern, by repetition of the same curves, they have a grace of congruity surpassing any other decoration. At Blair Castle, the residence

of the Duke of Atholl, the ballroom is built with an open roof with hammer beams, like a mediæval hall. In the spaces between these hammer beams the wall is set with a forest of splendid antlers, as many as ten pairs in each space, while at the head of the room, above the dais, are no less than fifty pairs, giving from a distance the appearance of a trellis pattern of antlers, to which the white skulls act as bosses. One high and narrow passage is arched for a great distance with a continuous line of antlers of stags shot by the present Duke of Atholl, with the tips almost touching along the whole vista. In

the hall at Powerscourt, in the Wicklow Mountains, a very good double effect is produced by the heads and skins of deer. The hall is spacious but rather low. The walls are mainly decorated with the horns of deer, while on the stone floor are great numbers of deer-skins, laid separately and parallel, with the neck end facing the entrance. The result is excellent from a decorative point of view. The common run of British wild red deer, whether in Scotland, Ireland, or Exmoor, do not produce heads of great size, only because they have, as a rule, been exiled to the wild, barren, and poor lands of our fertile country. Thus the fossil red deer horns found here are vastly larger, heavier, and finer than those of existing red deer. Yet these modern deer, if taken elsewhere, and placed on really good feeding ground, will grow heads of vastly finer proportions. The most interesting case is that of the red deer introduced into the Wairarapa district in

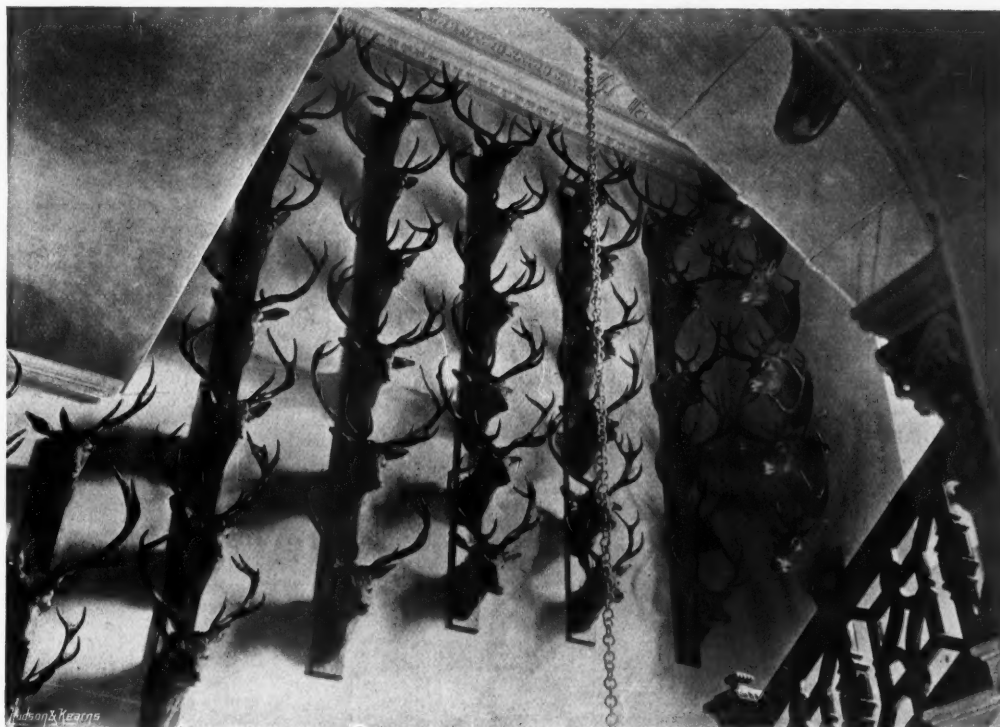


THE HALL AT BRODICK CASTLE.



New Zealand. They were turned out in 1850, and their offspring have now horns of a size and shape seldom seen among British wild deer, except in a few of the "wood" stags of one or two Scotch estates. Growing a pair of antlers makes about as much demand on a stag's constitution as growing the bones of an extra pair of legs and feet. Clearly he can only do this well with first-class feeding to support the drain on his system. Even granting that he does get this, one can hardly conceive how the biggest Wapiti grow annually such horns as they do—antlers like nothing else than the boughs of oaks! In Scotland any head with perfectly-developed points, a length of over 34in., and a span inside exceeding 32in. or 33in., is considered a first-class head. The largest red deer's head known, the Great Mostybury head, is 47½in. in length, with a span of 75½in., and twenty-four points. The weight of the horns is 41lb. A head dug up from a quarry at Alport, in Derbyshire, figured by Mr. J. E. Millais in his fine book on "British Deer and Their Horns," measured, if a broken fragment were replaced, no less than 58in. span, "remarkable even for a first-class Wapiti head."

Good pasture and crossing of blood are an infallible recipe for obtaining fine antlers from park deer. The best proof of this was the extraordinary results obtained at Warnham Court, near Horsham in Sussex, by the use of bone dust and other stimulating dressing for the herbage in the park. The effect on the horn growth of the stags' antlers was quite astonishing. Mr. Lucas, the owner of the herd, very soon became possessed of stags with the finest heads in England. The horns altered in shape



ANTLERS ON THE STAIRCASE

from that common among wild Highland stags. They became almost palmated, like the horns of elk and the tops of the horns formed cups, with points round them. This is not a large park, for it contains only 250 acres of pasture for the deer. A kind of parallel to this result of improved pasturage for stags is found in the size of the antlers of red deer in Lord Burton's forest of Glenquoich, where much good ground is accessible for them to feed on. Our second illustration shows the form of arrangement of ANTLERS ON THE STAIRCASE at Brodick Castle. The effect of stuffing the heads is pretty; but the result is too often spoiled by moth and dust in a few years.

## Presentation to the late Huntsman of the Meynell Hounds

ON Saturday, April 2nd, there gathered at Sudbury Hall a large and brilliant meet, perhaps the largest meet of the season, to witness the presentation of a silver coffee-pot, salver, toast rack, and cruet, with a cheque for £1,000, to the retiring huntsman of the Meynell Hounds, Mr. Charles Leedham.

Lord Burton, in making the presentation, said that in the unavoidable absence of Lord Bagot, Colonel Levett, and Mr. Chandos Pole, he was there to

discharge a task for which many were more fitted and more capable than himself. Yet he ventured to say that nobody could have brought to the task a more hearty goodwill, for he could claim a friendship with the Leedham family extending over sixty years. They had met together that day to show their regard for Charles Leedham, the representative of three generations of huntsmen of the same name, the Leedhams having acted in the capacity of huntsmen to the Meynell Hounds for over a hundred years.

First came Charles Leedham's grandfather, who was at Hoar Cross at the end of the last century; next his father, Joe, began to hunt about 1837—which, by the way, was the year he (Lord Burton) was born; then his uncle Tom in course of time took over the reins, and retired in 1872, alike esteemed and respected by all who knew him, and many present on this occasion would doubtless remember meeting him on a similar occasion. Charles Leedham himself, who had at one time been whip to Lord Southampton, came to them nearly forty years ago, on the death of his uncle Joe, and how well he had performed his duties all there present knew, for a better, more capable, or more upright servant no Master of Hounds had ever possessed. Not only had he enjoyed the entire confidence of the M.F.H., but he had won the goodwill and kindly feelings of everyone in any way connected with the hunt. It was not for him (Lord Burton), who had been so long absent from the hunting-field, to say much about sport, but this he could affirm, namely, that during his long term of office no man had striven more earnestly to show sport than Charles Leedham; and, taking it season by season, he doubted whether there were many packs who could show a better general record than the Meynell. They all hoped that his successors would meet with the same support and show as good sport as Charles Leedham; but to many of them, who had been born and bred and who lived in that county, the Meynell Hounds without a Leedham as huntsman would not be exactly the same thing. Before, however, they welcomed their new huntsman, they had met that morning to wish God-speed and long life to their old one, to whom, with all the kindness and best wishes that were in their



Photo. G. Elley. THE PRESENTATION AT SUDBURY HALL.

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power, they presented this gift of silver and a cheque for £1,000, from the land-owners, farmers, subscribers, and all connected with the Meynell Hunt.

Mr. Charles Leedham, who was visibly affected by the proceedings, said we could scarcely find words in which to thank them for their great kindness to him that day. He knew that Lord Burton had come to make the presentation at much personal inconvenience, and he begged to return sincere thanks to all who had subscribed to that handsome testimonial. He was very much touched by the kindness which had been shown to him on his retirement, and he wished every success to the old Meynell Hounds.



THE moon, and the Golden Number (which no man or woman of my acquaintance has ever been able to understand, in spite of arduous study during long sermons) fix the date of Easter; the moon is said to influence the tides of the ocean also; therefore it is to the moon presumably that neap tides in the publishing world which are associated with Easter must be attributed. Far be it from the "Looker-on," who must also be a looker-through, to complain. Work he never so hard, the books on the reviewing shelf must accumulate during the spring tides of books, and the neaps are a welcome relief. All the same, he believes most sincerely that the season theory upon which publishers act in settling the moment for the publication of this book or that is erroneous.

This is a bold saying. Publishers, it may be said with much reason, ought to be presumed to know their own business best. Moreover, it must be admitted that those who have the longest experience, the "House of Murray," for example, are most prominent in protesting that certain seasons only are suitable for the publication of books. When the sun shines brightly, when days are long, when soft evening airs allure us to "walks under the gleaming garden trees"—to quote Matthew Arnold's exquisite poem—men and women will not read, they say. I take leave to doubt it. When men and women go holiday-making they must have books; books to read in the train; books to charm away the rainy days; books to read as they bask in the sun or seek the cool shade; and the only reason they do not buy at such times is that there is nothing readable to be bought as a rule.

See how the public rushes at the rare opportunities of buying a book when, appearing out of season, it bears the name of an author of whom something may be expected. Consider the voracious appetite with which it swallowed "The Christian," which came out in August. All England and Ireland and Scotland rang with the fame of that book, and the eccentricities of Glory were discussed at myriad dinner tables. Nor was the reason far to seek. It was to be found in the simple fact that the book caught the irresponsible reviewers, who are really a very hard-working and conscientious body, at a slack time, when there was plenty of space in the newspapers. Parliament was not sitting, the Law Courts had risen, Society was idle, but could hardly be active, for it rained all day every day. So "The Christian" received a tremendous advertisement in the form of criticism; the advertisement reached the eyes of persons at their wits' end for occupation, and the book enjoyed a great vogue. I do not say that the success was not earned, but I am confident that "unseasonable" publication enhanced it.

Also, in my judgment, the publishers' keen desire for early reviews is short-sighted. The new book, if it is well received, goes up like a rocket. The "dailies" review it on the day of publication, and pick out all the plums; the "weeklies" follow suit to the best of their ability. I have done it myself, I confess, lest I should be out of the fashion. For a week or two the book sells like wildfire, the flame of the rocket is seen against the sky. Then the notices end. There is nothing fresh to draw attention to the book, there are other works to attract the popular fancy, and the original book drops down like the stick of the rocket. These observations are offered in all humility, but still in all earnestness of suggestion, to the men who open and shut the floodgates of literature.

Great is the *Athenaeum*. Just a few days ago it discovered that the "pages from a private diary" which have adorned the *Cornhill*—much improved, by the way, under its new editor—for some time past were from the pen of the Rev. H. C. Beeching. For myself, I confess that I never knew there was any curiosity in the matter, or that it was desirable to lift the decent veil of anonymity from the face of any modest man who desired to wear it. But the lifting was easy enough at any time during the last fifteen months, for just that time has elapsed since the *Westminster Gazette* first made the great discovery.

All lovers of Mr. Kipling will learn with pleasure that Messrs. Macmillan will bring out in the autumn a collection of ship stories from his pen. That, it is presumed, is not to be his *magnum opus* of this year. The keen observer and incisive narrator is not likely to have visited South Africa for nothing. But "Captains Courageous" proves that the ship stories will be good. Some technical cranks complained that Mr. Kipling was in error as to the description of a turtle-back. They vowed that a "dory" could not live in such a sea as he depicted. Now, I never saw a "dory," but I vow that a light punt or dingey will live, dancing like a cork, in almost any sea. At any rate, Mr. Kipling's first big sea story had the essential element. It seemed to be written by a man "With his cheeks all tingling with the salt sea wave, And wet with the splashing of the sea."

A pleasant and seasonable volume to appear about the end of the month is "The Coast Trips of Great Britain" (George Newnes, Limited), edited by Mr. Milton Smith. It will be profusely illustrated.

Bargain hunters will be sorely tempted to hie North to Edinburgh for the 18th of this month. Amongst other effects of the late John Noble, antiquary and bookseller of Inverness, to be sold on that day are "some 1,200 prints and engravings." Now for prints, particularly coloured prints, there is in these days an absurd mania, and surely among 1,200 odd there must be some that would be worth buying.

That accomplished person, Mrs. Aria, is bringing out a new paper for ladies, called the *World of Dress*, which is concerned entirely with that

subject. It seems, to a mere male, to be of high quality and merit. We have a rival in Paris, *La Vie au grand air*. It has one good picture, taken from a number of COUNTRY LIFE published some time ago.

Books to order from the library:—

- "The Celebrity: An Episode." Winston Churchill. (Macmillan.)
- "The Jew, the Gipsy, and El-Islam." Sir Richard Burton. (Hutchinson.)
- "The Vicar." Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson.)
- "The Potentate." F. Forbes-Robertson. (Constable.)
- "The Scourge Stick." Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Heinemann.)
- "A Northern Highway of the Czar." Aubyn Trevor-Battye. (Constable.)

LOOKER-ON.

## NERVE.

MANY are the qualifications that a fox-hunter must possess before he can be described as "a good man to hounds"; for he must be a first-class horseman, have a great knowledge of hunting, and an excellent eye for a country; but perhaps the most important factor of all in getting to hounds is that indefinable quality known as nerve, and which will often put, at any rate for the time being, indifferent horsemen, and those ignorant of the most elementary principles of hunting, into the first flight, and make them appear to the casual observer to be well versed in the many intricacies of "the noble science."

Good nerve appears to be of two kinds—active and passive. A horseman possessed of the first fully appreciates his danger, and is thoroughly alive to all the perils that he may have to encounter, but nevertheless resolves to face them without flinching. In the second case the rider (in this class there are to be found many ladies) does not seem to be aware of any risk he may run, and therefore gallops on, in that state where ignorance is indeed bliss, until rudely awakened by some untoward circumstance which occurs with that lightning rapidity that characterises so many accidents in the hunting-field. Then perhaps his eyes are at last opened, while, as likely as not, his nerve is irretrievably ruined, for this sort of nerve is often not so lasting as the other kind.

Courage often arises from a high sense of self-respect, which will not let its possessor show fear, however nervous he may actually feel, and this is a splendid example of the mind conquering matter. There are several things which have great influence on one's nerve, such as sudden shock, ill health, and even weather conditions. For instance, a gloomy day has a marked effect on the spirits of many people, while a disordered liver, in combination with a raw four year old, will try the pluck of most of us. Napoleon, who suffered in this way, thought the same, for he wrote: "Without this accursed bile no great battles would be won"; and has not Jorrocks said that fox-hunting is "the image of war"? If one could but analyse the feelings of many hard riders, it would be found that not a few of them are men of undoubtedly nervous temperament, and this often accounts for the irritability displayed by some M.F.H.'s in the hunting-field. Although nerves of this kind give one a keener perception of dangers, yet at the same time it will be generally found in cases of this sort that all the faculties are highly developed, and consequently a quick grasp of situations often accompanies this form of nerves, which aids a man in riding to hounds, for he at once seizes his opportunities, and notices things that would remain unseen by men of more lymphatic natures.

Many people labour under the wrong impression that a nervous man must necessarily lack courage, but this is not so; in fact, the reverse is often the case, for it is a far greater effort for a nervous man to do a deed of daring than one who is not troubled in this way, and far more true courage is displayed. If any proof of this be wanted, let us take the horse for an example, for in this respect all animals, whether human or otherwise, are governed by much the same laws. No more nervous animals exist under the sun than our equine companions, yet when once their blood is up they will face the widest brooks, the thickest of bullfinches, and the highest of timber with unflinching courage, which sets a splendid example to many a poor quaking human soul. The great sympathy which often exists between horse and man is undoubtedly transmitted through the medium of the nerves, and the union is so close that a hunter often knows the mind of his rider better than that worthy does himself; hence arises the old and true saying, "Throw your heart over and your horse is bound to follow." All horses will, of course, refuse at times, but if a hunter persistently objects to taking a fence within his power, don't turn your attention to the four-footed animal; look at the biped, and a hundred to one the cause will be at once revealed. Then, again, the foxhound is by nature extremely nervous; this statement, I am sure, will be heartily endorsed by anyone who has walked puppies, yet there is no dog which displays greater dash and gameness; in fact, these qualities may almost be said to be the characteristics of the breed.

Courage is rightly supposed to be the outcome of high breeding, yet it will be observed that the higher bred any animal is, the more nervous it will often be; in fact, this is so obviously the case that examples are unnecessary, for every one of us can call to mind many cases of the kind.

True courage and good nerve are undoubtedly gifts, yet they may to a great extent be developed by judicious management. Health should be the first thing attended to, whilst early hours coupled with strict morality tend to allay nervous irritation. I may here incidentally mention that good wholesome field sports have a far greater moralising influence than any number of long-winded discourses. Did not poor Whyte Melville say that after a day's hunting he felt like a man who had done a good deed? But to return to my former subject. Doing things that require pluck have a remarkably stimulating effect on the nerves, but at the same time care should be taken if possible not to do anything, at any rate at first, that is calculated to bring about disastrous results. Blows on the head, more than any other region of the body, seem to take the courage out of one quickest, and brave indeed is the man who, after being thrown on his head, can remount his horse, and ride on with his accustomed vigour. Women, whose organisations are for the most part more delicate than men's, often display the greatest pluck in the hunting-field, which leads one to wonder why this should be. Many have undoubtedly true courage, and others ride hard from mere ignorance, while vanity in not a few cases is, I suspect, the cause of their running so many perils. In this connection I may say that when some time ago I asked a dentist, who had a large and varied practice, as to what class of patients displayed the most pluck, and he replied, "We have the least trouble with school-girls," I blushed for my sex.

Many people who are extremely nervous at the thoughts of some impending disaster or crisis, display the greatest pluck and never lose their heads when their blood is up and the danger is actually present. A sailor who fought in



the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was present on board the *Inflexible* at the bombardment of Alexandria, told me that before he went into action for the first time he felt, to use his own expression, "in a funk," but that directly the firing commenced, and he found himself actively employed, all thoughts of danger passed away from him and nothing but the work before him occupied his mind. It will no doubt be remembered that the *Inflexible* was the ship that received that now famous shell which marked the name of its makers on a bollard, and killed in its passage more than one of the crew.

In conclusion we may say that most people have good nerve in some shape or form; for instance, the man who would not get on the back of a horse for a fortune, might be able to make a speech before a vast audience, and display the greatest coolness both before and during the course of his oration. Again, a man who, though a good performer, might feel nervous about singing a song in public, would perhaps steer a small sailing boat in a heavy sea (and nothing requires more nerve) with the greatest self-possession, and never lose his head for a single instant.

HELIOS.

Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes of Prussia, is the daughter of His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and was married in 1879. The many names of her eldest son are all appropriate and significant. Arthur is his father's name, and it brings to memory the traditions of that heroic king who presided at the Round Table. Frederick is a name given to the young Prince primarily in memory of his maternal grandfather, but it recalls also many great names, ancient and modern, in the history of Prussia and of Germany. Patrick, a name borne by his father also, is a graceful and sincere compliment to Ireland. Albert was the name of the sagacious and sincere Prince Consort, whose loss is still deeply lamented by the whole nation for its own sake no less than in respectful sympathy with its widowed Queen. Prince Arthur of Connaught is now a bright



Photo. by H. S. MENDELSSOHN.

Pembroke Crescent, W

T.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCESSES MARGARET AND PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

## Our Portrait Illustrations.

IT has seemed right and proper, the happy opportunity being within our reach, to lay before our readers in our present issue a larger number of portrait illustrations than usual. Our frontispiece, it will be observed, is a striking portrait of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn; above appears a group representing her children—Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert, Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah, and Princess Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth. Of the valuable services rendered to the country by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught in the steady pursuit of the military profession which he loves and adorns, it is unnecessary to speak here; and it is almost superfluous to add that, after the Heir-Apparent, there is no Prince of the Blood Royal residing in England who stands higher in public esteem and affection than the third son of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen. The Duchess of Connaught, formerly Princess Louise

boy at Eton, of whom many absurd stories have been told. It is not true, of course, that Prince Arthur is the "fag" of the son of Mr. Astor, or any other American millionaire; but there is no doubt that, honest and modest schoolboy as he is, he would be the "fag" of the millionaire's son if it came in his way. We venture to augur well for this experiment in giving to one who stands high in the list of Princes of the Blood that education which we take to be the best in the world for the making of an English gentleman—that is to say, education at Eton. Prince Arthur enjoys, we believe, no special privileges; the conditions of his schoolboy life are the same as those which surround other Etonians of his age. The result, for the present, is that he is just like any other Eton boy. Certainly none of those who saw him when the Queen made her triumphal entry into Eton last summer, and when her carriage stopped under the great trees before the entrance to College Yard that she might receive the loyal greetings of the school, could have guessed that the modest boy who stood amongst his fellows near the halting-place was in

any way different from them. On this occasion thoughtful men observed with loyal satisfaction that the young Prince not only did not thrust himself forward, but showed proper schoolboy reluctance to be placed in a prominent position. It was his father's hand that almost forced him to receive the salute of that great and beloved lady whose feelings for the moment were those of a grandmother rather than those of a sovereign. And what will be the future result of this early training? Prince Arthur is now living as an equal, learning the same lessons, playing the same games, getting, perhaps, into the same boyish scrapes, assimilating the same ideas, with those of whom many are likely to be brought into contact with him when he takes his place in life. Soldier he may be, or sailor, one cannot tell; but one may be sure that he will follow a serious occupation in life, after the example of his father and his uncles, for they are a brave race and an earnest, fully alive to the responsibilities of their lofty position. As soldier or sailor, in barracks or in camp, or on board ship, Prince Arthur will be able to appreciate, more thoroughly perhaps than even his father or his uncles have been able, the feelings and the thoughts of those amongst whom he is called to live and to act. For the public school spirit is undying and invaluable; it can be learned at the public school only, and it is emphatically the English spirit.



"EASTER touring" is not always satisfactory. It possesses, moreover, an artificial importance. The first of these premises is to be accounted for by the fact that the wheelman has often to think about his opening trip before he has got into his cycling harness, so to speak. Bad weather may have limited his spring riding; his machine may not even have been overhauled; he may have been awaiting a new mount, which has not come to hand at the appointed time; and he is not even within measurable distance of riding form. I think it is because it is the first holiday of the year, and especially because it confers the opportunity of four days' riding instead of three, as at Whitsuntide, that Easter touring has come to be regarded as of greater moment than it should really claim to be. One could wish, from the strictly cycling point of view, that the extra day fell due at Whitsuntide instead, for then one's muscles would be in better trim, the prospects of good weather would be more favourable, and the roads themselves more likely to be in first-class condition. Still, as Easter fell rather late this year, there was less cause to grumble than usual, and the weather for more than a week previously was so pleasant that, so far as preliminary training was concerned, there were excellent chances of getting into something like form. Even then, however, I cannot but think that a good many riders may have been tempted to overdo it on their initial tour of the season, for experience has shown that such is annually the case, and I can but repeat the text from which I started, that Easter touring is not always satisfactory, and that one's best energies should be deferred until a later period of the year. Nothing is more enjoyable than a successful cycle tour, and nothing more wretched than one that, from some cause or other, is unfortunate.

From the new programme of the Sheen House Club that organisation appears to be going strong, and the charming grounds at East Sheen will no doubt be particularly gay throughout the coming season. The membership roll is a lengthy one, and includes some well-known names, among them being those of Earl de la Warr, the Earl of Desart, the Marquess of Ailsa, the Earl of Albemarle, Mr. W. L. A. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., the Earl of Gainsborough, Sir Lepel and Lady Griffin, Lord Hothfield, the Earl of Kinnoul, Earl Russell, the Earl of Portarlington, Sir Kenneth Matheson, the Hon. George Keppel, Sir William Hozier, the Hon. Lionel Holland, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Sir James Fergusson, M.P., and many others. Amateur riders, by the way, who are disposed to try their speed abilities have an excellent opportunity of doing so without fear of public observation, as the splendid cement track stands well away from the road, and is shaded, moreover, by trees. It is properly "banked," and a better exercise ground could not be imagined.

Mr. Arthur Waugh is to be congratulated on his excellent "Legends of the Wheel," which Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith has just issued. They are full of verve and humour, and are as comprehensive in their scope as they are infinite in their variety of treatment. Among the best pieces in the book are "Sors Exitura" (a memory of Horace), "Mrs. Wetherston's Gymkhana," "The Scorching Club," "The Wheel and the Wind," "The Great North Road," and "The Hills of Memory." Here is a sample of Mr. Waugh's more aggressive style, taken from "The Scorching Club":—

"You are pedalling in peace along a green secluded track,  
Doing seven miles an hour at the most,  
And your fancy goes a-roaming, and the past comes surging back,  
Filling every shady corner with its ghost:  
When suddenly behind you there's a whistle and a yell,  
And with desolating shriek of the insane—  
Like the devilom of Dante from the deepest depth of hell—  
Comes the Scorching Cad careering up the lane!"

"Nah, look out what you're about!  
Can't you hear his Cockney shout?  
Swinging, ringing, creaking, shrieking,  
Swearing, tearing 'gainst the grain:"

He is on your handle's edge,  
And he drives you to the hedge,  
And there's half-a-dozen more  
Close behind him (nay! a score!),  
Each one uglier than his brother,  
And they yell to one another,  
For they call themselves a 'Club,'  
And they're making for a pub  
(Tho' their gait is so unsteady  
They've had quite enough already);  
And the language they are using  
Is more coloured than amusing:—  
Well, I hope I'm not 'aesthetic,'  
Still, if these be called athletic,  
I am half inclined in sorrow  
To go pawn my wheel to-morrow,  
For I really blush to call myself a bicyclist again,  
While the Scorching and his comrades come and devastate the lane!"

The "British and Irish Handbook and Guide" for 1898, which has just been issued to every member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, is an invaluable compilation, and it is a very satisfactory state of things that the club funds permit of its general distribution. Otherwise those members who did not invest in what has hitherto been an additional charge on the membership subscription, would have once more deprived themselves of a vast amount of useful information. The book is in two parts, with a view to separate that portion which it is essential to carry when on tour, and leave the remaining matter at home, thus lightening the tourist's always too bulky impedimenta. The first part contains a map of the United Kingdom, full details as to the articles of association of the club, an abstract of the laws and bye-laws relating to cycling, lists of railway rates and ferry and steamboat charges in force throughout the Kingdom, and two invaluable treatises, on "The machine: its construction, how to keep it in order, and how to repair it," by Mr. C. W. Brown, and "Hints on Touring," by Mr. E. T. Bidlake. In concise form these articles epitomise almost everything that is worth knowing in connection with the pastime. Part two contains a list, extending to 250 pages, of the hotels, consuls, and repairers connected with the club, and as a *vade mecum* to the tourist is practically indispensable if comfort is to be considered. Concurrently with the handbook is also issued a "Farmhouse, Country Lodgings, and Coffee Tavern List," which specially appeals to the economically inclined. What with these manuals, and the magnificent road books issued by the club, touring in Great Britain has indeed become systematised to a remarkable degree.

THE PILGRIM.

## Game Preservation in America.

IT is interesting to note that the modern tendency in the United States is steadily in favour of preserving game. Discussions and legal decisions as to game laws, legal close seasons, and the protection of the deer in winter in various States, now occupy a space in the columns of American papers never before accorded to them. A recent number of *Forest and Stream* contains eleven columns on this subject alone, with correspondence from States in all four corners of "Uncle Sam's" dominions. One of the main difficulties is to make modern legislation, which contains the "sense" of the present generation, fit in with the ancient laws of the original colonies, which were conceived in an exactly opposite spirit to that to which modern conditions have given rise. A minor difficulty is the use of "cold storage" throughout North America, which makes it difficult to prevent the sale of game in the close season. Quite a storm is raging over the latter question, but the problems raised by the game laws are more suggestive.

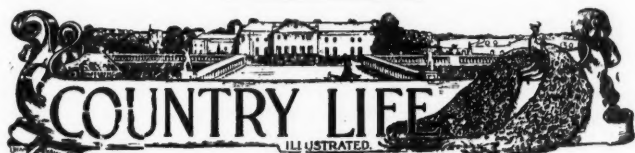
The State of Maine, for instance, though so close to the old colony of Massachusetts that deer killed there are sold in Boston Market, is under an old law, passed in the days when New England was "a refuge for tender consciences," forbidding the establishment of game preserves in the State. This "Ordinance," passed in 1641, declared that the right of free fishing and fowling for all in and upon any great pond lying in common and containing more than ten acres in extent, with the incidental right to "pass and repass on foot through any man's property for that end, so they trespass not upon any man's corn or meadow," that is, his improved land, "shall never be abridged." The court of last resort has held that this right thus secured has never been abridged, but is the law of Maine to-day; and further, that this law gives the right of free hunting for wild game on all unimproved lands, as well as free fishing and fowling in all great ponds, or ponds of more than ten acres in extent. While the game preserve might be independent of any great pond or right of access thereto, it must consist of "unimproved land," and so comes within the definition of territory declared open to the public for free hunting. In spite of the old law to the contrary, there are game preserves in Maine—the Megantic, for example. Here, however, control is secured, not by inclosing the territory, but by the agency of the fire laws, which forbid the building of a camp-fire on a territory without the permission of the owner. To secure exclusive fire privileges—that is, exclusive camping privileges—on a tract of wild land is equivalent to holding it exclusively for whatever purpose may be desired.

Meantime the Northern States of New England are being steadily deserted by the settled farming population for more productive lands in the West, and the settled land is, in many instances, being transformed into sporting estates. In Maine, much of which remains wild, the cariboo are steadily increasing, and in New Hampshire it was possible for Mr. Corbin to obtain with little difficulty the huge property now known as the Corbin Game Park. Pheasants are being turned out, not only in the New England States, but in Colorado and Wyoming, Montana, and Oregon, and very stringent laws have been passed by the States Government for their protection. "Elk parks," or parks for keeping Wapiti deer in, are becoming fashionable. Special "elk-proof" and "bison-proof" steel wire-mesh netting, 14 ft. high, and with a 12 in. mesh, is now freely advertised. Field sports are clearly becoming more and more popular in the States. We hope to draw attention frequently to this point of sympathy between Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Cold storage" of game, by the way, is not a modern invention. Frozen game has been brought to the markets of Peking from Manchuria for many centuries. Recently COUNTRY LIFE predicted that the new big game shooting grounds would be found in West Siberia and Manchuria when the Siberian Railway was opened. A letter from Mr. Tegetmeier to the *Times* states:—"The Manchuria partridges, frozen, have just appeared in the London market. The birds were a variety of our grey species, but the horse-shoes on the breast were



black, not brown." We scarcely expected such speedy evidence of the rapid development of these sporting quarters in the Far East. By a curious coincidence, part of the tribute of rare furs from Chinese Siberia paid to Li Hung Chang was at the same moment placed on the London market.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

With regard to photographs, the price required for reproduction, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated. If it is desired that the photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

## "Laudator Temporis Acti."

ALTHOUGH many and great are the changes that nearly all our various national sports and pastimes have severally undergone during the present century, taking them collectively there is one strong element which has been gradually forcing its way to the front, and which has affected nearly all of them. That element is, in a word, business. As late as the opening years of Queen Victoria's reign, sport was enjoyed in a much more haphazard and casual way than it is now. Take for instance yachting. A purely racing yacht was a thing that was then practically unknown, and very few regattas were held, while the competitors were yachts that were primarily built and mostly used for cruising; but as their owners had from time to time a fancy to test their paces, opportunities were seized whenever they occurred, which we are led to suppose was not often. To-day a large class of vessels of varying tonnages exist which are kept for no other purpose than for racing. Many of them have little or no conveniences for cruising, while some have barely sufficient accommodation for the large crews which they are bound to carry when competing in a race. The entire season with these yachts is occupied with racing, and in proceeding in the most methodical manner from town to town, from one regatta to another.

The business element has also largely entered into shooting, for now large organised shooting parties sally forth to take their

sport in coverts in which large heads of game are reared artificially, while in the old days the squire with a few intimate friends used to trust mainly to what Nature provided in the fields and woods. Hunting is also made much more of a business than it was a hundred years ago, for then many trencher-fed packs existed, while others were kept by local land-owners, and only those who lived in the neighbourhood and their guests participated in the sport. The whole business was more haphazard, and in many cases there were no fixed hunting days. At the present time everything is changed, for men now go great distances to hunt with well-known packs, while fields are swelled to dimensions which our ancestors could never have dreamt of, even after the too substantial dinners of the hunting squire of the past. The effect of so many more people engaging in the sport of fox-hunting, and in not a few instances making it the business of their lives, has been to increase greatly the work of a Master of Foxhounds, until it is now an office which, when properly carried out, entails an enormous amount of work, both at home and in the field; but few people seem to realise this, while everyone who goes out hunting would have us believe that he or she has a perfect right to criticise the doings of the man who rules over the destinies of the country in which they hunt, and on whom they are entirely dependent for their sport. Can it be wondered at that many an M.F.H. shows some irritability in the hunting-field, when the peace of his breakfast table has been disturbed by harassing and sometimes abusive letters in regard to poultry claims, and damage done by the hunt? But of these things the ordinary member of the hunt, as likely as not, knows nothing, and in some instances he considers himself aggrieved when asked to subscribe to wire and poultry funds.

Although it adds to a man's position to be an M.F.H., it is a privilege which often has to be paid for dearly. In the first place, very few countries are able to raise a sufficient sum of money to pay anything like the expenses of the hunt establishment, which means that most M.F.H.'s have to draw largely on their own private incomes to make both ends meet. The least that a four days a week provincial pack can be properly maintained for is £2,500, whilst in many instances this sum is far exceeded; in others, where great economy is exercised, and in countries where poultry is not much kept and where the farmers are true sportsmen, the expenses do not quite reach this amount, especially if the M.F.H. is a thorough business man, and knows where to get the best value for his money. In the Shires, where things are done on a most lavish scale, the cost of maintaining a pack is enormous, and although big subscriptions are raised, the Master has generally speaking to supplement them to no small extent out of his own pocket. In these fashionable countries far more damage is of course done, for the large fields are bound to work greater havoc to fences and growing crops than the smaller fields which follow less fashionable packs. Another source of great expense for the latter-day M.F.H. is the paying for the damage done by foxes in the farmyards, for during the last twenty years poultry keeping has been greatly on the increase, especially in the home counties and in the vicinities of large towns.

If old chroniclers are to be believed, the business way in which fox-hunting is carried on at the present time has not tended to increase the quality of the sport, for we read of wonderful runs taking place when hound and horse breeding had not reached nearly the present pitch, and when kennels and stables were not constructed on the most scientific principles. The reason for this was in all probability that foxes were wilder, but, on the other hand, our ancestors undoubtedly had many blank days, and it is certain that foxes were not so numerous as now. Every sport, like every religion, has its golden age, and for hunting this desirable period existed about the time locomotive steam-engines were first introduced. The general adoption of railways struck a mighty blow at fox-hunting, for not only did they cut up the country, but they also enabled men who lived in towns situated at some distance from a hunting country, and who knew nothing of rural life, to join in the sport, and thereby do it a great deal of injury. Railways have caused many a good covert to be spoilt. The wild districts that formerly existed in many parts of this country have become the haunts of tourists; and foxes are reduced to a state of semi-tameness. The natural outcome of artificiality in the environment of foxes has been a great increase in the difficulties of M.F.H.'s, so that fox-hunting can now be carried on successfully only when a man can be found to devote his whole time to the work and to make a business of it. To obtain good runs at this end of the nineteenth century, hounds must be of the fastest to enable them to keep ahead of the surging crowds that follow them, while hunt servants must be mounted on the best horses procurable, in order that they may be as near the pack as possible. Our great-grandfathers were contented with long, and what to our modern ideas would be called slow, runs; to-day we require gallops of something under an hour, in which pace is a *sine qua non* and true hunting a secondary consideration.

## COUNTRY NOTES

**A**NOTHER Prince of the Royal blood, the Duke of Albany, is to receive the benefit of a public school education at Eton, where he will be a year or two junior to his cousin, Prince Arthur of Connaught, of whom we publish a portrait this week. His father, the late Duke, was exceedingly popular at Oxford some years ago, and his untimely death was deeply lamented by the University generally and by Christ Church, of which he was a member, in particular. The Duke of Albany begins his career during the coming summer term, when Eton, always beautiful, is at her best.

The death of the late Lord Exeter, the head of the Cecil family, at the early age of fifty, removes from our midst one who was, until he succeeded to the Peerage a few years ago, greatly beloved by his fellow members in the House of Commons. But Northamptonshire will feel the loss most severely, for he was indefatigable in the performance of duties of a country gentleman. At Deeping St. James, at Stamford, at Spalding, and in the neighbourhood of Aswarby Hall, there is deep sorrow. The estate is one of those which have suffered from the failure of their former proprietors to realise the value of railway communications. For us, now, it is easy to condemn the short-sightedness of these land-owners of the past, but if an analogous problem were to present itself to us in these days there would still be plenty of opponents of new-fangled ideas.

Dr. Voelcker read an interesting paper before the Farmers' Club last week on root growing. "Does root growing pay?" was the question which Dr. Voelcker set himself to answer, and the paper was interesting from the scientific point of view. From that of practical farming the question, however, admits of only one answer. Root growing is an indispensable part of the economy of the farm. The question as to whether one crop of swedes or mangels pays does not matter so much. On three out of four acres of English soil the root crop is the mainstay of the course of cropping. Some of the speakers at the Farmers' Club last week pointed to the fact that Mr. Ebenezer Prout, of Sawbridgeworth, had shown them how to grow corn continuously. This may be all very well on heavy clays, where roots cannot be well grown, but on ordinary land this system would scarcely be a paying one.

Besides, there is the question of prices. Corn growing has become a secondary matter beside the production of meat and milk, and for meat and milk we must have roots. Our only care just now is to grow them as economically as possible, consistently with growing a good weight of roots per acre. And the great secret is to sow on a stale furrow. This holds good in all but the lightest soils, and especially in the case of mangels. Let your seed bed be prepared on a tilth which is the result of the weather on winter frosts and not of mere mechanical working of the soil. As for sorts of mangel, there is none to beat the Golden Tankard, if your seed comes of a good stock.

The importation of milk from Normandy has attracted some attention during the past few days. The matter is one which is of the greatest importance to the public, especially in large towns. It is, of course, quite impossible to bring milk so far unless something has been added to it to keep it sweet. The French dairy people say that the ingredients they add are harmless. Analysts say differently. It is well that the public should know. At any rate, there is a prejudice in favour of new milk from the cow, and a very healthy and wholesome prejudice too. The discussions in the newspapers have not yet thrown much light on the subject, but the matter is one which might very well receive the attention of the Board of Trade.

"Not a single farm to let in the East Riding of Yorkshire." That is good news, which we cull from a provincial contemporary. The same paper, noting that a well-known manufacturer of Halifax has "commenced farmer" at Muston Hall, near Scarborough, calls to mind other famous cases of sound farmers who have begun their career in other walks of life. Sir Tatton Sykes, for example, was a clerk in Hull before he took to farming in the Wolds, and Maier Topham was a newspaper editor before he devoted himself with great success to a farm at Wold Newton. In very truth, business habits are very useful to the farmer, and few farmers possess them.

The sad sailing accident at Medmenham, by which Mr. Hedley Forster, a solicitor, and Mr. Robert Shaw, son of a boat-builder at Marlow, lost their lives, is noteworthy from several points of view. Firstly it calls for our heartfelt sympathy, mingled with admiration for the heroic manner in which Mr. Shaw sacrificed his own life in trying to save his companion. It was the old story. The man who could not swim clung to his would-be rescuer in a deadly embrace, and both were drowned. There is only one way known to us of avoiding this danger, and that is to strike the non-swimmer a stunning blow on the head, when he becomes quite manageable. For the rest the accident was of a kind which is all too common in river sailing. The craft was a dinghy, probably over-sailed. The wind was tempestuous, "a sudden shift of wind almost capsized the boat." That is the worst of river sailing. The wind, influenced by many objects on land, changes its direction and varies its force with incalculable suddenness, and it is never safe to fasten the sheet.

Only a short time has passed since we published an illustrated account of the noble sport to be obtained in the chase of the red deer on the Quantocks. Now we have to announce regretfully that it has been necessary to abandon that sport by reason of the dastardly, unsportsmanlike, and unneighbourly behaviour of some person or persons unknown in the Cockercombe district in laying poison in the way of the hounds, two of which have perished. Most earnestly is it to be hoped that the guilty may be detected and prosecuted, for the act of laying poison is a criminal offence, and the perpetrator of it need not expect sympathy or mercy from right-minded man or woman.

A very important action, in which dog fanciers will take much interest, was heard before County Court Judge Adams at the Limerick Quarter Sessions last week. A Limerick butcher who had some fields close to the town laid down a quantity of meat poisoned with strychnine to destroy dogs which had been worrying his sheep. Two dogs—one a valuable collie belonging to Viscount Garnock of the 8th Hussars, and the other a French poodle of Mr. Quin's, the High Sheriff—picked up the meat while out for a run, and though treated by a veterinary surgeon immediately, both succumbed. Lord Garnock gave evidence as to the value of his collie, which was a beauty and came of the best prize blood, stating that he considered it worth fully £50, and that if it had been shown and taken prizes, as it undoubtedly would have, it might have been worth £300. The owner of the poodle also placed a high value on his dog. Judge Adams, in delivering judgment, said that in his opinion, whatever excuse there was for an owner poisoning a wild mountain to preserve game, he could see none in poisoning fields in close proximity to a large town, even though the owner published notice to the effect he was doing so, and he awarded £40 damages in Lord Garnock's case and £10 in that of Mr. Quin.

Mr. Hubbard, M.P., has our sympathies. Every kind of club that has a subscription list believes itself to have a claim on its local member of Parliament, not because it wants him as a member in the least, but because it wants his money. Therefore the "Stockwell Piscatorials," an association of high-sounding title, besieged Mr. Hubbard, M.P., with a request that he would be their president, a position likely to be even more expensive than that of an ordinary member. Now Mr. Hubbard is a true fisherman, and his answer was neat. "Fishing," he said (or may be Piscatorialism), "is an eminently individual sport, which needs neither associations nor presidents." This is true enough. The Piscatorials wanted no president, but they wanted his cheque; and now the professors of companionship in the gentle art reflect indignantly that, as for Mr. Hubbard's money, they may fish for it.

Some curious person has analysed the list of presents sent to Prince Bismarck by his admirers to celebrate his birthday. It was, if the truth must be told, a trifle gross. Beer in barrels, wine in casks, cakes, sausages, cheeses, and liqueurs, to say nothing of a bicycle, were offered by admiring friends, as though the man of blood and iron were setting up a general shop. But for delicacies there were plovers' eggs from Jever, and "crows'" eggs and coffee from Bismarckburg, in Togoland. The crows, we take it, were rooks. The eggs of these birds we shall hasten to try, inspired by the experiment by the feeling that Prince Bismarck is not likely to patronise a viand without reason. Moreover, many neglected eggs are good. Lord Kenyon, a few years ago, took a lot of coots' eggs from Hanmer Mere to Chester on the Cup day, and they were greatly appreciated.

There was a very cogent letter from Sir Hereward Wake—could any name be more beautifully Saxon?—in the *Times* of Easter Monday on the subject of anthrax. His point is plain enough. There have been cases of this terrible disease amongst human beings as well as animals in his district of late. No necessity is more imperative and apparent than that of encouraging



the immediate report of every case, so that the affected animals may be destroyed, and the outbreak stamped out as soon as possible. But absolutely no compensation is given, and Sir Hereward is of the opinion, which we endorse, that unless this state of things is altered it is irrational to expect prompt reports.

The enthusiasm of the mining districts over football matches is a thing which must be seen before it is believed. A correspondent who was at Cardiff on Saturday writes, "The whole populace seemed utterly beside itself with excitement. The match was between Cardiff and the Barbarians, a name which, perhaps, was suggested by stray readings of Matthew Arnold. Whether it was good or bad, I know not; but I do know that the streets were thronged with an eager mob streaming to the arena. The spectators must have numbered something like 20,000. They followed each phase of the game with wild shouts. The excitement was comparable to that which one imagines must have attended a gladiatorial show at Rome. And in the evening the whole town was one flicker of journals which were devoted to the subject."

Near Cardiff, by the way, is Penarth, and at Penarth are golf links, admirable in dry weather, which have hardly attained the fame that they deserve. They are situate on a large farm belonging to Lord Windsor, and the tenant of the farm is himself no mean exponent of the game. The course lies round and over a breezy hill, and the turf is capital. From the summit the view is quite magnificent. Far away to the right and to the left the Bristol Channel gleams in the sun. The Flat Holms island lies immediately underneath the eye, and on anything like a clear day the bold outline of the English coast on the far side of the Bristol Channel is clearly visible.

The recent opening of the new golf green in Wimbledon Park has served to turn people's attention to the attractions and latent possibilities of that beautiful park, which have hitherto suffered rather undue neglect. Most of us are acquainted with it, but acquainted with it only under the guise that it wears when the lake is fast frozen and covered by skaters. It is a charming piece of ice, but at that stark wintertide the surrounding park does not show itself off in its full beauty.

It is essentially a sylvan scene, its two chief beauties being the fine sheet of water on which we skate in winter—not this winter, but in normal winters—and its fine elm trees. Both the elm trees and the water are utilised as hazards of the eighteen-hole golf course lately laid out; but there is much besides golf in the contemplation of the Wimbledon Sports Club that has acquired this fine extent of some hundred or more acres of park. The idea, as we understand it, is to turn it into a rival of Ranelagh and of Hurlingham, with polo and all the varied attractions of those pleasant places. In one point, Wimbledon Park has the advantage over either of them that it is close to the station, and we have always deemed the heavy cab fare to Ranelagh or Hurlingham rather a drawback, while the railway *plus* cab connection is troublesome. Also, though rather farther afield than either of those others, Wimbledon Park is yet not too far for a drive or easy bicycle ride.

By all rights the sheet of water in the centre ought to be stocked with Loch Leven trout and turned into a subsidiary fishing club; but we hear of it the usual tale—that it is full of pike, and while it remains full of pike it is not likely to become full of trout. The problem then is to empty it of pike, and since this appears virtually impossible without emptying it of water too—a very heroic measure, where the extent is over twenty acres and the depth considerable—an alternative is suggested of turning in trout of such size, say two-pounders, as the ordinary jack will scarcely think of meddling with. But the trouble about this is that these large trout are very apt to show a disinclination to rise to fly, and in that case we might just as well have the original sin—the pike. Hungry pike are better fun than sulky trout.

So there seems to be an *impasse*, though no doubt the counsels of skilled advisers will suggest a loophole through which pike may be extracted and trout let in; and in the meantime Wimbledon Park is not beggared of its resources by the failure of trout fishing. Football is the great "draw" of the day, and a football ground might easily be planned. There is a shooting place already, as well as coarse fish in the lake and boats on it. There is a cricket ground in the centre, but this we understand is not the club's property. Still everything else, including a determination to make the thing go, is in the club's favour—therefore its success seems more than probable—*ca ira*. The committee of the new golf club consists of Lord Dartmouth, as president; Mr. Eustace Dawnay, General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Colonel J. Pleydell-Bouverie, and Colonel E. Schreiber; with Mr. R. Peirce as honorary secretary.

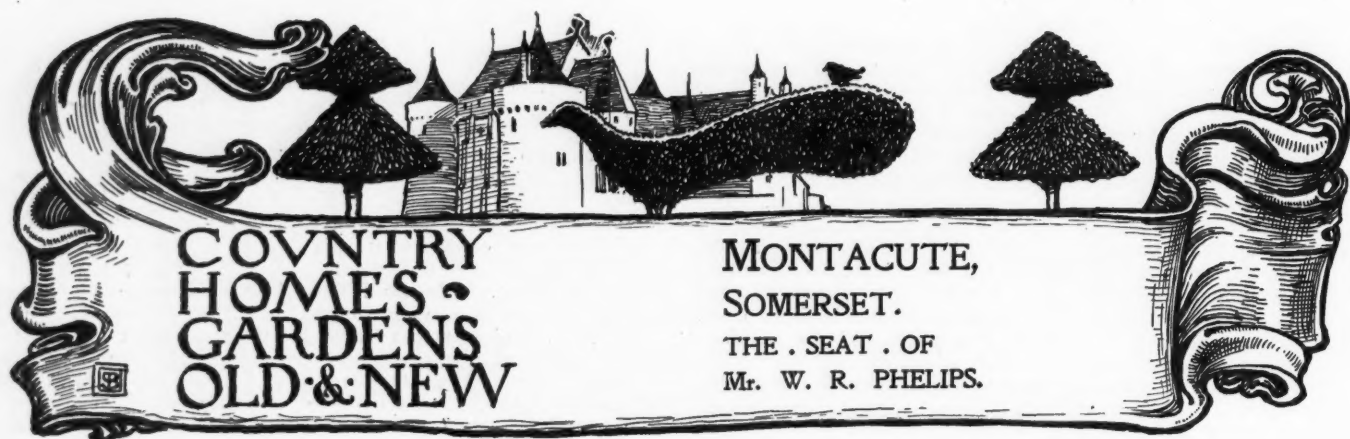
That sympathetic naturalist, Mr. W. H. Hudson, makes a very sensible and timely suggestion with regard to the announcement of Mr. Akers Douglas that the Queen's private grounds at Kew will be formally added to the gardens at the beginning of June. The seemingly paradoxical effect of the suggestion is that the true enjoyment of the public will be lost if the public are permitted to set foot at will in the lingering oasis of wildness which is to be theirs by the Queen's bounty. At present this tract of trees and brushwood and bramble is in an absolutely natural state. As such it is the haunt of a few wild animals, and a breeding place of some forty or fifty species of birds. It is in full view from the gardens. But if it were "laid out," and the public were permitted free access, its value as a sanctuary would be lost. In a word, the public could not fail to destroy the source of its own pleasure. As for the "lung for London" cry, Mr. Hudson points out that in that district it has no substantial foundation. A similar observation applies to the ancient Physic Garden at Chelsea, still much frequented by birds, which would be ruined by dedication to the public.

Most of the English-built yachts now competing in the Mediterranean regattas will probably bring home more than their average share of prize-money. This should be particularly the case with the Duc d'Abruzzi's Bona, for not only has she won a fair proportion of the matches in which she has been entered, but she has also succeeded in securing the prize of £1,000 sterling given to the winner of the third heat for the Coupe Internationale du Cercle de la Méditerranée. The cup itself has to be won three years in succession by the same owner, though not necessarily by the same yacht, before it is secured outright. In the above-mentioned race, Sir M. Fitzgerald's Satanita was the only other competitor, and it seems strange that she did not make a better show against the Italian cutter, for though the breeze was somewhat light at starting, it increased greatly as the day wore on. This should have favoured the English boat, which has always shown her best form in strong winds. Satanita, however, only succeeded in getting past her smaller antagonist during the last round, and eventually came in 21sec. ahead of Bona; the latter thus won with plenty of time in hand, as she was allowed a handicap of 5min. 50sec. At the close of the race, Satanita raised an objection against Bona, on the grounds of a breach of the French racing rule which forbids one yacht luffing another out of the course until an overlap has been established. This objection was, however, overruled by the International Committee, and the race was awarded to Bona.

The winds have been as a rule too keen for any good hatch out of fly, and the waters too cold to bring trout eagerly on the feed. Therefore the fishing has been but poor. The rivers have been running low, with lots of weed on the surface to make fly fishing even more desperate. Nevertheless, from a few specially favoured regions accounts are good, and anglers are getting the advantage of the excellent spawning time. Salmon fishing has been very uncertain, as the condition of the different waters has varied with the various conditions of weather. In Scotland generally the rivers have been big with spate and snow-broth; in many parts of England, on the other hand, they have been bright and low, either condition being equally against good sport. Now, in the Easter holiday time, the weather seems inclined to change in the South, and to give the rivers the help they need. Thereafter the angler may bestir himself to better purpose.

They have peculiar notions with regard to the sizes of shot in Bavaria, buck-shot being used on snipe, while No. 8 is reserved for poachers. The gentleman who is responsible for this information says that he was out one day with Baron —'s forester, when the latter fired at a snipe, and the tall reeds were mown down as if with a scythe. "Why! what on earth are you shooting with?" cried Mr. —. "Oh! that's what I always use with these little fellows," was the reply. "If a grain catches them, they are done." It was buck-shot!

The No. 8 incident came out this wise. The Bavarian peasant is an inveterate poacher, his favourite game being the roe-deer, which he catches with large snares set generally in a gap in the fence. Mr. — had discovered one of these traps, and informed the Baron's forester, so they agreed to keep watch in the early morn and try to nab the poacher. They accordingly posted themselves in ambush and waited patiently. After a long weary time as light noise was heard, and looking up, the poacher was seen peering down on the place where the snare was set, but from an eminence which made it useless for them to think of capturing him. "You had better go home," whispered the forester to Mr. —, as he produced a couple of cartridges loaded with No. 8, and held them up meaningly. Mr. — moved off quietly under cover of a hedge, but had not gone far when he heard two shots and a howl. The forester and the poacher also moved off. It was No. 8.



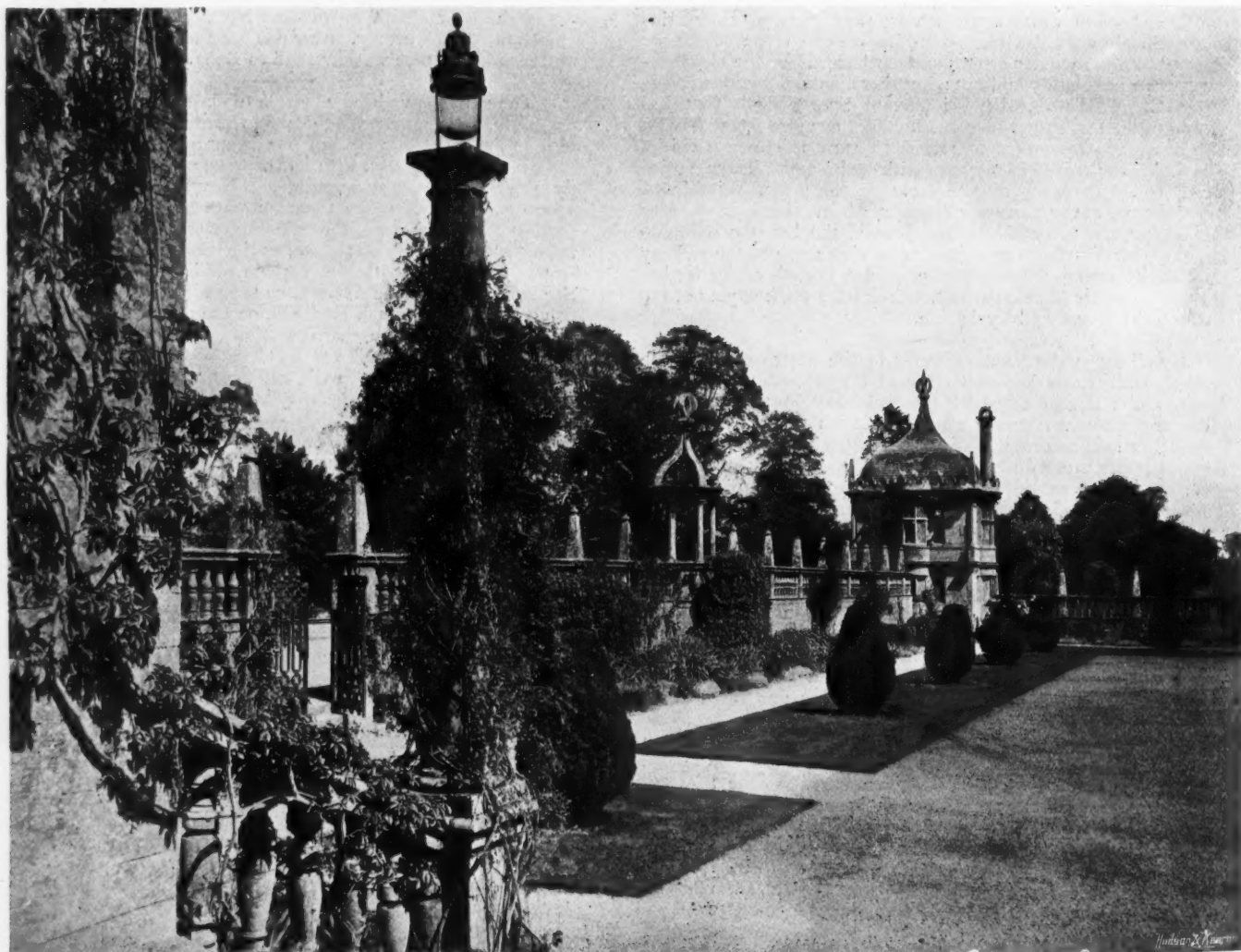
"Through this wide-opening gate  
None come too early, none return too late."

SO reads the hospitable legend over the principal portal of Montacute—a place gracious to enter, and that tempts the visitor to linger long. Rarely may the radiant summer awaken greater glories than in venerable Montacute. Where can spring be more delicious or autumn more fruitful than here? To sit with book in hand in that lovely garden house is paradise indeed. Thence to look along that many-windowed façade, to conjure up visions of past times, while witnessing the stately pleasures of these—who does not feel ravished at the thought? But, failing the actual presence of Montacute before the reader, the pictures are enough to tell him its charms.

It is a house of Elizabeth's days, with all the character, and filled with the picturesque beauty, of Tudor times. It lies in a chosen part of Somerset, with hill and hollow, wood and field, picturesque villages and rural lanes, for its neighbours—beautiful seats, too, and pleasant houses in the land. About it are the most delightful surroundings, rich and diversified, all

dominated by the hill—there are really two—pyramidal and wooded to its summit: the *Mons acutus* that gave the place its name. From the height a splendid view is disclosed. To the south you look over the hills of Dorsetshire towards Lyme; to the west lie the heights below Minehead and Blackdown; north-westward the Quantocks, the Bristol Channel, and the coast of Wales; to the north the Mendips and Glastonbury Tor; and, sweeping round to the east, many a pleasant prospect beside.

The house is certainly exceedingly handsome, and has the advantage of being built of beautiful oolitic sandstone from the neighbouring quarries of Hamhill. Its builder was Sir Edward Phelps, successively Queen's Sergeant, Master of the Rolls, and Speaker of the House of Commons, and it was raised between 1580 and 1601. Sir Edward's father had lived at Barrington Court, near Ilminster, but long have his family dwelt in stately Montacute. Their monuments are in the old church hard by. The house is built upon a simple plan—a main block, with projecting wings, so that it takes the shape of a stunted letter H.







"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW; MONTACUTE HOUSE; TERRACE AND STONE TEMPLE.

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The west front is very beautiful, much enriched, and with a gorgeous screen, said to have been brought from Clifton Maubank. The east side is equally fine, and lifts its imposing wall, with three ranges of splendid windows, and statues of Roman soldiers in niches between those of the upper story, to look over the beautiful garden below. This, indeed, is a region well filled with architectural interest, for, as if Montacute House were not enough, there are glorious fragments of the priory, and the village has features of unusual note.

Within, the mansion has many beauties for those privileged to explore. The hall is a noble apartment, with a fine minstrels' gallery, and the customary screen, richly wrought. The upper story is occupied almost wholly by a single chamber, of very great and imposing dimensions. An unusual feature is the winding stone staircase that conducts the visitor to the drawing-room, which he finds a most beautiful apartment, with rich and elaborate ceiling and much fine woodwork. But the delightful features of Montacute are many, and are not to be described here. Neither can anything more be said of the history of the famous house, save that, in the Civil Wars, it was held for the King, and sacked by the Parliament men.

It will be observed that architecture does not end with the house. It has its place in the garden also. This is as it should be, for thus are house and garden made one. Montacute is a garden of terraces, and very charmingly are the garden walls and other features made a part of the design. The terrace walls on either side of the east garden, extending from the house outward, are simple in character, but adorned with obelisks to the piers, and in the midst, on each side, is a temple of stone, its six columns supporting a circular stone roof, with projecting cornice, from which spring three ribs, forming a cupola, crowned with an open ball shaped by two intersecting circles of stone. The garden house, which will be pictured, will speak for itself. Here, indeed, is a most charming conception in stone, which groups delightfully with the surroundings. The mullioned windows, projecting as semi-circular bays, the angle pillars, the embattlements, the chimney, and roof are singularly picturesque. Such a building as this, with mossy walls and quaint aspect, is worth, in an English garden, many a classic statue, animated bust, or monumental urn, though each of these in its place forms a fine garden feature nevertheless. They have no place, how-



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YEW TREE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ever, near such a house as Montacute, where everything seems appropriate both in garden and dwelling.

It is not surprising to find this Somersetshire garden distinctly formal in character. We must rank it, indeed, among the great formal gardens of the land. It is an example both interesting and elaborate, as we have seen, and should be visited by all who desire to find a splendid illustration of this period or form of the gardener's art. Here walled courts or terraces command extensive views of the romantic surrounding country. We walk among glorious clipped yews, which are one of the chief distinctions of the place, and add a great deal to its interest. They are clipped, indeed, but no topiary monstrosity is thus produced, and quaintness and not aggressive surprise is the result.

But the terraces of Montacute chiefly give distinction to its surroundings. The great terrace overlooking the west garden is 45ft. wide—a truly noble feature. The walled terrace on the east side has the special beauties alluded to, and many others that the reader will conceive, in flowering bushes and many radiant beds. Grass slopes and terraces lead down to other gardens, which a second article must more particularly describe. Some other features of Montacute, too, call for fuller treatment than is possible here. But we have seen that, alike in aspect and character, both the house and garden must rank high among the many we have visited and described. Montacute, indeed, with Longleat and several more, is a notable glory of the West.



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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





SALE OF MESSRS. MILLER'S PONIES AT SPRINGHILL.

ANOTHER polo season began on Monday, April 4th, on the Rugby Polo Club Ground at Springhill, near Rugby. Very fittingly it was inaugurated with what resulted in a record sale of polo ponies. Every year the game increases in popularity, and every season there is a greater demand for ponies, which are consequently every day more difficult to find. Messrs. E. D. and G. A. Miller are not only enthusiasts about the game itself, but are also very first-class judges of a raw pony, and *facile princeps* at turning out the highly-trained article; and as their favourite amusement during the "close time" for polo is buying and making ponies, it was a good idea of theirs to have a sale at the commencement of the season. On Saturday, April 2nd, Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade had instructions to sell by auction, absolutely without reserve, thirty very high-class ponies, and, as everyone who takes any interest in the subject knows the sort of animal that the Messrs. Miller buy, and the class of players that are turned out from the Springhill school, it was pretty certain that they would make big prices. They were every one described in an article which appeared in these columns on February 19th last, and every word that was written of them there was fully justified by the prices that they fetched. After a rather cold journey from London, lunch was by no means unwelcome, and the number of well-known polo faces that I found seated round the well-filled Springhill "mahogany" were a pretty fair guarantee of a good sale, although even then no one could have anticipated such sensational bidding as ensued. A sale-ring had been prepared in one of the paddocks opposite the house, but, being a cold afternoon, it was thought better to hold the sale in the riding school, and accordingly there the company adjourned when they had done justice to the good cheer in the dining-room.

The first pony led into the ring was that beautiful blood mare Conceit, by Brag, and she fetched no more than her value when a well-known polo player gave 300 guineas for her. She will make a great name for herself at Ranelagh and Hurlingham this summer. The Blues last year had a grand lot of ponies, and their team was perhaps the best mounted of all those that took part in the Regimental Tournament. To judge by their purchases on Monday week they will have a still better lot this season. At any rate, it will take something very

smart indeed to beat my favourite Black Bess, for whom Lord Waterford gave 420 guineas, Gamecock, who fell to Mr. Brassey's bid of 250 guineas, and Nugget, who became Mr. Marjoribank's property for 250 guineas. The latter gentleman also got a real good pony, Mermaid, very cheaply for 130 guineas, whilst Mr. Brassey also secured the speedy Nellie for 220 guineas, Captain FitzGerald gave 200 guineas for Bride, and the Duke of Roxburghe bought Minor and the sturdy Brown Stout for 140 guineas and 110 guineas respectively. The promising Barmaid also joins the same team as the property of Captain FitzGerald at 130 guineas.

The 2nd Life Guards, however, did not mean to be left out in the cold, as Lord Kensington gave 750 guineas for Sailor, a record price it is true, but he is probably a record pony, and 550 guineas for Elastic, not to mention 420 guineas for the almost perfect Sermon, and 350 guineas for that blood-like little race-horse Dandelion. Mr. Molyneux gave 370 guineas and 320 guineas respectively for Leap Year and Weasel, two very smart performers; and another member of the same regiment bought the beautiful Lady Grey for 480 guineas and the galloping Kilmoon for 400 guineas. There is no more beautiful pony in the world than Charmer, who went to Mr. Walter Jones for 610 guineas, nor any better player than Tip Cat, who fell to Mr. Wilson's bid of 300 guineas, whilst among others who will be seen playing in the 2nd Life Guards' team this season are the good-looking Treasure, Fashion, and Folly, for whom Captain Peel gave 140 guineas, 70 guineas, and 180 guineas respectively, and the shapely Gipsy, who looked to me the bargain of the sale, and went at 60 guineas to Mr. O'Neill. A very cheap pony was that faultless performer, Lady Alys, at 200 guineas to Mr. Osgood, whilst Merry Thought at 220 guineas, Stuff at 140 guineas, and Playful at 160 guineas cannot be badly bought, considering their good looks and the thorough education they have received. I had almost forgotten a very nice young pony indeed, Rainbow, who also goes into the 2nd Life Guards' team, at 280 guineas, and will prove himself worth all the money too.

It is needless to say that there never was such a sale as this, and that the average knocks all previous records into a cocked hat, but then it is equally true that there never were such a lot of ponies offered at one sale, or, indeed, ever got together in one stable. It was, too, a perfectly unique sale in another way, namely, that not only was there no reserve on anything, but that every pony offered was thoroughly and truthfully described—its faults as well as its virtues. In fact, I myself heard the Messrs. Miller on several occasions during the sale go out of their way to tell the auctioneer of some trifling fault in the lot then under the hammer. They were a thoroughly good lot of ponies; their owners had taken endless trouble to make them as perfect as possible. The sale was open and above board in every way; in fact, any intending buyer could find out every smallest detail about anything he wished to bid for by simply asking, and I sincerely congratulate the masters of Springhill on the remarkable success, which they so richly deserved.

OUTPOST.



## American Plays and Players.

WHATEVER may be the result of the conflict between the United States and Spain, the invasion of England by the Americans is a *fait accompli*. By one steamer there have arrived in England within the last few days three complete American theatrical companies, numbering approximately 150 souls. These ladies and gentlemen will present American plays at leading West End theatres during the height of the London season; and, in addition to this, a fourth American play will be in possession of the St. James's at the same time. It is a serious prospect for English actors, the rank and file of whom find it difficult enough to obtain employment at the best of times; but, inasmuch as his American *confrère* is in many respects distinctly the superior of the English actor—while in others our native players have just as decided an advantage—he must grin and bear it without grumbling, and endeavour to discover his weak points and benefit by the discovery.

It is in "character" acting that our visitors generally outshine ourselves—broadly speaking, of course. Nor is the cause of this far to seek. We are still, in spite of the facility of international communication, a fairly pure race; we have not intermarried to any appreciable extent, nor do the immigrants who land here mix with the general population, or modify to any degree national habits and customs. They confine themselves to one small quarter, and remain a nation apart. In America directly the opposite is the case. They are a mixed race; for generations all nationalities have found a home there, have intermarried, have left their impress on the country at large. Wherever this mixture occurs, not only have the succeeding generations the advantage of the ingenuity and cleverness which cross-breeding always brings, but they have an individuality of their own, a number of individualities, rather. It is here that

the American actor has the better of the English. Not only is he often of mixed breed himself, but he has the opportunity of studying the innumerable varieties of the human family around him, the varieties that have come from the foreign elements in the country. To enumerate these would be impossible, for they are almost numberless. One must content oneself with saying this is so; the more excusably as the fact is self-evident. There is a rich and inexhaustible field for the American actor; more than this, he is himself of the quick and nimble temperament denied to the more purely-bred Anglo-Saxon. That is why the American "character" actor is superior to our own.

On the other hand, he is very inferior to his English comrade in elegance, grace and breeding. Miss Elizabeth Robins, an American actress of exceptional intellect and discernment, on a recent visit to her native land, spoke out boldly and fearlessly on this point. There are not half-a-dozen actors on the stage in the United States, she said, who could compare with the merest rank and file in England in appearance, breeding, carriage and manners. This is true. Some very important American actors there are who need not fear comparison with the best we can show. But there are very few of these; the rest are not in the running. Here, everywhere we see comely and clever young "heroes," well-dressed, easy, well-bred gentlemen, every inch of them. Such a one in America can command a large salary and an important position on the strength of these qualifications alone, so rare are they. Cause and effect again. Centuries of culture have produced this type in England, pureness of blood also gives it; just as the other causes give the other effects on the other side of the Atlantic.

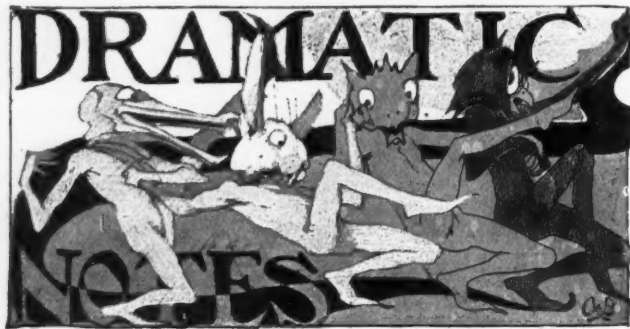
So, from the visits of American actors to England, and English actors to America, there are advantages to be gained by both sides. Here there is sameness, there variety. The one gives charm and elegance, the other sprightliness and humour.

As with the players, so with the plays. What made the

great success of "Secret Service"?—one of the finest works of its class that we have ever seen? Its success was caused because there is variety in the national life; because the American Civil War still stirs men's blood there; because there are the negroes, the Confederates, the Northerners, to give *vim* and colour, to inspire the dramatist. What have we here to equal these? A long period of peace, a country that has not known the horrors of internal war or violated shores for generations; a general sameness of character all round. What have we to replace these stirring trials and troubles of the great nation over the sea? Nothing. And this nothing is reflected in our drama. Our most ambitious serious plays are not plays of action, but of introspection; our heroes of the higher drama are not masters of action, but of intellect. Then as to melodrama. We have no wars at home to give movement and vigour, passion and strenuousness to their treatment. So we have to fall back on crime and ancient intrigue for inspiration, and very poor inspiration it is. We have not had a really fine melodrama of native manufacture since "The Silver King."

But, as with the players, so with the plays. When we come to the lighter, more elegant dramatic fare, America has nothing to compare with our comedies, with the wit of a Pinero, a Grundy, the more obvious but still brilliant humour of a Jones. The things that are against us having an heroic drama are in our favour when the charms and graces of literature are concerned. Peace and plenty are excellent soil for the cultivation of the gentler Arts, though the harder ones do not thrive in it. And the worst of it is that the majority of us would like the old fighting Britain to excel rather in these more rugged spheres than in the daintier paths in which we shine. We used to class the latter as "French," and in those days the term was not one of honour by any means. But then in those days we would not drink French wines, for they were deemed effeminate. We drink them now.

B. L.



MISS FORTESCUE is better known, perhaps, to provincial playgoers than those of London, though even in the capital her name, at least, is as familiar as a household word. But as an actress Miss Fortescue has confined herself almost entirely to the country. We first made her acquaintance in the chorus of the Savoy Theatre some years ago, and in each succeeding opera we learned to look for the "pretty Miss Fortescue," who was always placed well to the front of the stage, where she invariably made a very dainty picture. But it was not until Miss Fortescue won her great breach of promise action, and gained £10,000 damages, that she made any real impression. But no sooner had she the means, than she very praiseworthily made a determined effort to devote herself to more serious branches of the drama. She left the Savoy, and has been playing heroines ever since, mostly in plays of serious intent, including old comedy and the "legitimate," as the standard works are called. Miss Fortescue produced recently Mr. W. S. Gilbert's latest work, "The Fortune Hunter," in connection with which the *cause célèbre* has just been finished.

Mr. Herbert Waring is one of the latest aspirants to managerial honours, and is in treaty for the Lyric Theatre. His first production will be Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple," which Mr. Mansfield has presented in America with much success. *A propos*, the manner of that success is amusing. Mr. Shaw wrote the play quite seriously; it was what is technically called a "straight" play; he set out to write a romance of a somewhat melodramatic order, and gave it to the public *à la* Mr. Mansfield, meaning, satirist as he is, to give that public entertainment of quite orthodox kind. What was his chagrin, therefore, to find that his piece, though indeed a success, had been taken in an entirely wrong spirit by the audience on the first night, and by succeeding audiences ever since. People refused to regard it as anything but another of Mr. Shaw's whimsicalities, sufficiently humorous to win applause as a piece of persiflage, just as was the same author's previous work, "Arms and the Man." This must have been decidedly gallant to a writer whose meaning it was to be perfectly serious, and who had no thought of giving to the stage a mere skit on heroic drama, in which light "The Devil's Disciple" is regarded. It will be interesting to note how our own audiences will take the play, which is a story of the American War of Independence.

Holiday requirements prevent the new plays at the Royalty and Adelphi Theatres being commented upon in this issue; they will be dealt with next week.

There is really no curbing the ambition of our younger playwrights. Mr. Louis N. Parker, one of the most prominent of them, has just been granted a Fellowship of the Academy of Music; and he means to celebrate the occasion by writing a new comic opera, both words and music. It is a lucky thing for Mr. Parker that the trades unions have not yet obtained a footing in the Arts, or he would find himself forbidden thus to trench on ground occupied by labourers in another sphere. If Mr. Parker can get into another and still more famous Academy he can be his own scene-painter, too.



Photo. London

MISS FORTESCUE.

Stereoscopic Co.

With a picture of the Mile End Road on a Saturday night faithfully depicted at the Lyceum, topsy-turvydom in things theatrical will have reached its zenith; and it is duly recorded that this scene is to form one of the chief incidents in Messrs. Traill and Hichens' new play for Sir Henry Irving. I hope that no ill-will will be bred between the Lyceum and the Adelphi or Princess's by this development. Realism at the Lyceum! What next? Nothing less, surely, than "musical comedy" at the Savoy, or "Hamlet" at the Gaiety.

## QUEER FISH AND FISHING.

PROBABLY few of the many who winter on the Riviera, and when at Cannes, Nice, or gay Monte Carlo enjoy gazing on the beautiful Mediterranean, are aware of the queer fish to be found in the sea. It has even been doubted whether it holds anything worthy the attention of gastronomers, Madame de Sévigné having once written in dispraise of the Provençal sole. However, the clever Marquise subsequently confessed her error. Certainly the blue waters hide much of interest to naturalist and gourmet—as well as to fishers.

Foremost in importance is the tunny, which, however, does not appeal to the angler. It is greedy, and will follow yachts for days, occasionally coming near enough to be harpooned, thus affording capital sport and a welcome dainty, if the galley is ruled over by a competent cook who is aware that its flesh is an admirable substitute for prime veal. The tunny usually measures 7ft. to 9ft., though it attains 15ft. They dwell in deep water, regularly visiting the coast at certain seasons. Their chief enemy is the frolicsome dolphin, but they seem to be on quite friendly terms with the "angel" or sword-fish, which frequently accompanies the "schools" of tunny, to the very natural dismay of fisherfolk, for the sword, or long serrated bony snout, damages the nets frightfully. Tunny usually swim in large shoals or "schools," and traps are laid to catch them. At the proper seasons men erect lofty seats, formed of three long poles arranged as tripods, on the coast, and someone is set to watch. As soon as the school is seen entering a bay, the fishermen put out in their boats, carrying with them huge nets, which are laid across the mouth of the bay and then dragged shoreward. In other cases an elaborate trap of nets is laid in deep water, and then the fishermen frighten the fish into the nets by making a terrible row with their oars, lashing the water, and blowing on conch shells. When the fish are in the traps the nets are slowly raised, and as the fish appear on the surface they are harpooned. It is a grandly exciting sport. About 50,000 tunny are caught annually, the greater number being cooked and preserved in oil. Properly seasoned, the flesh makes most appetising pasties, rivaling the toothsome of veal pies.

Sardines and anchovy also afford rich harvests. In the summer time on dark nights the whole sea often appears to be on fire, owing to the phosphorescent gleam of the dainty sardine. Anchovies are caught between the months of April and June. Dark nights are chosen, and several fishing boats go out into deep water and lay their nets. This being done, one boat rows quietly shoreward, with an iron tripod filled with resinous wood placed in the stern. The beacon is lit, the dancing flames attracting the anchovies and sardines. Meanwhile the other boats are rowed as quickly and noisily as possible to the shore, dragging the nets after them. The hauls thus made are often immense.

Night fishing has its charms. In the summer time fish are often speared by torchlight. Boats are rowed slowly in shallow water, a torch is placed in the bow, where one or two men with three-pronged steel spears attached to light



rods stand ready to transfix any inquisitive denizen of the deep which rises to enquire what all the blaze is about.

Other quaint fish are the ugly "nine-eyed" sea lampreys; the sea-horse, a diminutive creature with tails and fins, but headpieces wonderfully like caricatures of horses. Then there is the octopus, or devil-fish, a gelatinous mass, with villainous-looking hooded head and eight long arms, each provided with numerous suckers on the under sides. Some of these octopi attain alarming sizes. The writer of these notes has seen one with tentacles, or arms, over 6ft. long, so that it had a spread of close on 13ft. Such a monster could easily drown a man. Another fine specimen seen by the writer was caught in a curious way. A diver was at work in Mentone harbour, and had just given the signal to be pulled up. As he came to the surface the gleaming helmet and glassy eyes attracted the attention of a huge octopus, which darted from the rocks and completely covered the helmet. It had to be cut off in pieces. The octopus is usually tempted out of his rocky lairs by pieces of fish tied in a bundle of red rags at the end of a long cane. The fisher has a second rod provided with a bunch of hooks with which he jols at the eight-legged monster. The octopus has a kind of hood, which the fishermen endeavour to reverse over its eyes, thus rendering it helpless.

Among the monsters are ugly sharks, a species of sea-lion (the mermaids of the Greek classics), and some smaller kinds of whales. Rock-fish are numerous and most beautifully coloured. There is the bright red rascasse, a fairy-like fish with blue, green, red, and silvery stripes—all of which are delicious as *fritura* or in the far-famed *bouillabaisse*. It may be mentioned that the dwellers on the shores of the Mediterranean consider sea-urchins, sea-anemones, and limpets among the choicest of dainties. GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.



Photo. F. Ollio,

WHY, IT'S RAINING!

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## Falconry in the Kingdom of the Shah.

AS to eagles, hawks, falcons, and other birds of prey, there is no country where they have more or where they are better instructed than in Persia. So writes Ranking in his historical researches of sports of the Mongols. "The Shah," he continues, "has 800 or 1,000 of them, and there is no man of any figure without his hawks and falcons." From the most ancient times the training or "reclaiming" of hawks was a favourite pursuit in Persia, and many works have been written thereon, one of the earliest writers mentioning this being an Arab historian, Masoodi by name, who wrote a book called "The Meadows of Gold Shrines of Gems." He died about the year 943 A.D., and since then many treatises have appeared upon the subject.

During the reign of Akbar, in the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, falconry occupied an important place among national sports; the historian, Abul Fazl Allami, gives many interesting details of hawk culture and the regulations concerning it. In the Royal mews the birds underwent a careful inspection twice a year, and, when moulting, were sent to the country for the benefit of their health. They were divided into three classes—firstly, birds that had moulted under good trainers, and had grown new feathers; secondly, birds not yet moulted; and thirdly, birds that had moulted before they were caught. Different names were given to the sexes of hawks, as well as to young and old birds. Akbar limited the price of hawks and falcons according to their species and class, the cost ranging from twelve mohurs (a mohur valued nine rupees) down to a quarter of a rupee, which coin had been perfected in his reign. The minimum number of *baz* (goshawk) and *shahin* (peregrinator falcon)

kept at Court was forty, besides 150 other sorts. They were fed twice a day, in contrast to the single meal that was allotted to the hawks in India; the amount of food given varied with the species. The first meal was of meat of seven dams' weight (a dam weighed one tolah, eight moshas) to three dams, and at the close of the day they were given a meal of live sparrows, the *baz* receiving seven as his portion. When hunting they were fed upon the game taken. *Shahin*, *baz*, *charkh* (sakers), and *shungur* (gerfalcon) were all kept, but Akbar preferred the *basha*, or sparrow-hawk, to any other kind. *Molchins* were also favourites of his birds—it was like the *shahin*, with yellowish plumage and very strong on the wing, capable of killing a *kulang* (crane) flying. Trained eagles were also employed, and crows and even sparrows were trained for the chase. In Cashmere the Persians trained the *baz* to seize birds swimming and bring them to the boatman. There was a fixed donation for all game brought in, of which the keeper got half. If Abul is to be credited, Akbar was a public-spirited monarch, for he indulged in frequent hawking parties, not from love of sport, but in order to benefit the falconers and attendants connected with it.

Those were palmy days, when the interest in sport was at its highest. Every prince, nobleman, and governor kept a large establishment of hawks and falcons, which were used not only to fly at birds, but at hares, deer, and many kinds of wild beasts. By fixing themselves on the head of the animal, and beating him with their wings, he was so terrified and distracted that the dogs and huntsmen following had very little difficulty in taking him. Hawking was then held in as high estimation as it was in Europe during the Middle Ages, and was a favourite pursuit of kings. In chronicling a great chase in November, 1637, an ambassador writes that the Shah, Sefi, with most of his lords, returned—shade of the Prophet—so drunk that they could hardly sit upon their horses.

But in Persia, as elsewhere, the halcyon days of hawking have passed. It is still kept up to a certain extent, and the Shah has a selection of birds in his mews; but the princes and governors have found other and more congenial methods of spending their money, and, although many still keep hawks, the once favourite pursuit is neglected. The falcons and hawks in use at the present day are the *bairi* (peregrine falcon), the *shahin* (peregrinator), the *charkh* (saker), the *merlin*, the *baz* (goshawk), and the *basha* (sparrow-hawk). With the Persian sportsman of to-day, the *baz* is by far the most favourite bird for hawking, as, indeed, it is with all Orientals; it is preferred to falcons. A well-trained female commands a high price, as much as fifty tomahs, or twenty rounds, being occasionally paid. Most of the birds are caught in the forests upon the Caspian Sea, but some are found on the South-West of Persia. These large birds are used for hares, ducks, partridges, and francolin. They live to a good old age. The favourite hawk with modern Persian sportsmen is the *charkh*; this is used in pursuit of gazelle, *hubara*, and hares. Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches in Persia," says that the falconer dressed his *charkh* in leather breeches, in order to prevent the bird being torn asunder whilst seizing the hare with one claw, and stopping its flight by grasping bushes with the other; but this fashion is not continued amongst modern falconers. Once the most popular of sporting birds, the *shahin* has now fallen from favour; it is not often kept, except in the royal mews. There are three varieties, the *stamboli*, which is found in Western Asia Minor, the *karabaghi*, which comes from Circassia, Georgia, and Armenia, and the *farsi*, from Southern Persia. The first kind is the most valuable. Commonest of all hawks in Persia is the *basha* (sparrow-hawk). Villagers catch and train them in great numbers, for sparrow-hawking is a favourite pastime. Sparrows (the Persian variety is plump and large, a toothsome mouthful) abound in the openings of subterranean wells, common in villages and towns. The quarry is flushed therefrom, and, before it can take refuge in another opening, the *basha* pounces upon it. Fifteen or twenty sparrows are sometimes killed in an hour's time. The *basha* is soon tamed, and wonderfully tractable. A Persian falconer feeds his birds twice a day upon goat-flesh, kittens, and occasionally pigeons and fowls. They are fed from hand, and are accustomed to much handling and caressing, and taught to come at a signal. A man who understands his work will reclaim a hawk in about three weeks.

In Southern Persia, when the brilliant winter sunshine is tempered by the keen bracing air from off the snow-capped mountains, no pleasanter pursuit can be found than a day's hawking. It is all the more fascinating by reason of the element of danger in riding across country, which would speedily finish an English horse. In ancient days every Persian youth was taught "to ride, draw the bow, and speak the truth." The last two accomplishments have fallen into abeyance, but the first is well maintained, for every Persian rides, and rides well, though it must be admitted that falling from a Persian saddle is a matter of difficulty. The falconer carries his hawk, hooded, upon the right wrist, which is protected by a large glove. Directly the quarry is put up the hawk is unhooded and cast off, and the horsemen follow its flight. In the first instance the quarry is a hare and the sport is short, for it is struck down almost immediately. Leaving that ground, we scour the plains in search of *hubara*, a kind of bustard, very strong on the wing, and affording capital sport. At last one is put up, and the hawk is cast. The bird flies in the direction of a neighbouring ridge of rocks, and we are off over ground covered with loose stones, with gaping fissures, broad cracks, rat-holes, unexpected declivities, and here and there stone walls marking some cultivated patch of ground. An element of excitement are the old wells which abound. Devoid of any parapet, you do not see them till you are close upon their yawning black mouths, and limbs are saved by a sudden swerve. The *hubara* settles for an instant, then is off again, making its way across a sandy plain, where unexpected swamps and water-holes take the place of wells. As in hawking, the principal interest keeps your eyes fixed above, and not on the ground in front; you must place a large amount of trust in Providence and your horse. After a chase of three or four miles the hawk covers its quarry, a downward swoop, and the *hubara's* career and an exciting run are over.

M. PECHILL.

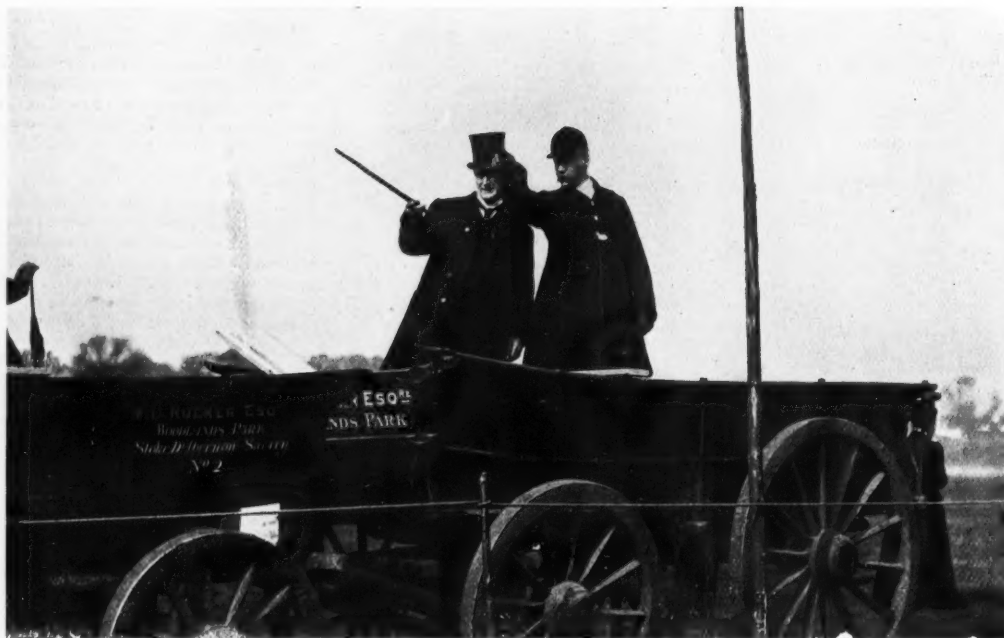


THE last was a quiet week in the racing world, and the best sport it afforded was that at the once despised Alexandra Park on Saturday. We had some jumping at Wye on Monday, but nothing of sufficient importance to merit notice here, and on Tuesday and Wednesday the Nottingham Spring Meeting came off under very favourable conditions as to

weather. There was a large attendance, too, whilst the sport was good of its kind. Mr. George Lambton's well-managed stable took two races on the first day, namely, the Lenton Firs Plate, with Gay Peter, by Peter Flower—Courante's dam, and the Elvaston Castle Plate with Merry Pilgrim, by Lourdes—Chorale's dam. A good field of ten went to the post for the Nottingham Spring Handicap, of whom Clipstone, who was purchased by Mr. C. S. Newton at the end of last year, looked best in the paddock, and was well backed at 5 to 1. Robinson forced the work from the start with Blossville, who had only 7st. 7lb. to carry, and started favourite, but Clipstone, 8st. 11lb., reached him at the distance, and, running the straighter of the two, won cleverly by a length and a-half. Merle, 8st. 6lb., ran well and finished third.

The most interesting events of the second day were the Bentinck Stakes of five furlongs, and the Oxton Hurdle Race. A good field of timber-toppers went to the post for the latter, including Fossicker, Bach, Wales, and Bonnie Dundee. Cavatina was made favourite at 7 to 2, with Fossicker next in demand at 4 to 1, Bonnie Dundee being well backed at 5 to 1. Fossicker was carrying 12st. 10lb., and it was a great performance when, giving no less than 18lb. to Bach, he ran him to a head, whilst to Bonnie Dundee, who beat the pair of them, he was conceding no less than 30lb. It was a good finish, heads only separating the first three, and it shows Fossicker to be a very good hurdler indeed. In the Bentinck Stakes it was a great disappointment to see Firearm get a two lengths' beating from Libra, who was four times beaten in moderate company last year.

Improvement is the order of the day at Alexandra Park, and it was a good idea to give 1,000 sovs. to the Metropolitan Handicap, of a mile and a furlong. Northallerton looked to be well handicapped, and he was substantially backed, as also was Brechin, who started favourite. South Australian, however, has long



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M. D. RUCKER, ESQ., AND THE JUDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

been expected to win a good handicap, and at last he brought it off. Brechin finished third, but Northallerton and Bradwardine ran badly. The All-Aged Regulation Plate saw Ugly made a hot favourite at 11 to 4 on, and he naturally won very easily from The Tartar.

The City and Suburban, to be run on the 20th of this month, looks like being a good betting race and resulting in a very interesting contest as well. Kilcock is certainly the handsomest, and probably the speediest, horse in training; nor do I think that his weight will stop him here. The distance, however, may, and I shall never believe in his getting a mile and a-quarter, even at Epsom, sterling

good horse as he is over his own distance. I cannot quite fancy Chelandry, although she is not badly treated with 8st., nor do I think that Knight of the Thistle will carry his 8st. 6lb. to victory; but Berzak, with 7st. 12lb., must have a chance if he is better than Sandia at 8st. 5lb. Phœbus Apollo, 7st., is expected to run well, and I have a sneaking fancy for Fortalice, with 6st. 11lb.; but for the actual winner I think we must look to Webb's stable, which shelters the best handicapped horse in the race in Brayhead, who will have only 6st. 10lb. on his four year old back, whilst his stable companion, David II., cannot be out of it with 2lb. more. The better of these two is sure to go very close. There is certain to be a big field of speedy sprinters seen out for the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes on the 7th May. Here, again, Kilcock holds the place of honour with 9st. 7lb., but he will not quite get the distance, and if I had to pick the probable winner in once, I should give my vote for the five year old Ravensdale.



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ON THE FRINGE OF THE CROWD.

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START FOR THE INNS OF COURT OPEN RACE.

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## Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases.

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when steeplechasing was the most popular form of racing in this country, and this was largely due to the interest taken in the old country-side meetings, at which local horses and local sportsmen took a prominent part. This is no longer the case. Artificial courses, and consequent National Hunt legislation, have put an end to these, and steeplechasing has now deserted natural country courses for artificial tracks in close proximity to some big town. These new courses are all exactly alike, and the fences inch for inch the same, whilst horses are now schooled simply to jump the "regulation" obstacles and nothing else, so that it is hardly surprising if the general public have ceased to take the smallest interest in such an uninteresting class of sport, except as a means of speculation. It is, therefore, all the more



welcome to see this lost interest in a fine old English sport show some signs of being revived by point-to-point steeplechasing over natural hunting countries, and which with a little care might easily be made to take the place of the good old-fashioned sport of the past. I have always been of this opinion since the days of "regulation" fences, and thought so more than ever as I stood and watched the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting recently.

This sporting and well-managed affair was brought off on Saturday week over an excellent line of fair hunting country at Slyfield, between Cobham and Leatherhead. The winning-post was in a large grass field, in which an immense crowd of locals had assembled to watch the sport, and the course, from the last fence, was lined on both sides with coaches and carriages, which dispensed hospitality to all and sundry. The only stands were farm waggons and such like, the people all took the greatest interest in the racing, and the whole business reminded me of the old country meetings of thirty years ago. There were a large number of hunting men in evidence, and amongst other lights of the Bar I noticed Lord Halsbury, Mr. Justice Jeune, Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Darling, and a large number of Q.C.'s and M.P.'s. The weather was perfect, the "going" first-rate, and the arrangements, which were in the hands of Mr. W. Grantham, left nothing to be desired. Six went to the post for the Heavy-Weight Race, in which Mr. Cope's The Doctor made strong running to the last



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## BETWEEN THE RACES.

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fence but one, where he refused, and let up Mr. H. Terrell's Gay Lad, and Mr. W. F. Phillpott's Dartmouth, of whom the first-named won a good race by half a length. Mr. J. G. Butcher's Fingall must be a useful sort, seeing that he carried 21lb. extra, and was yet too good for Mr. Arthur Gee's chestnut gelding, whom he beat by a neck, with Mr. E. Clayton's Merry Belle third; and then we had a grand race for the Inns of Court Open Race, the first five finishing all in a cluster, Mr. J. B. Gilliat's Offley just beating Mr. V. A. Parnell's True Blue, with Mr. Lauriston's Epsom Downs and Mr. E. Croxall's Ballynoe a dead heat for third. This brought to a conclusion a most interesting and enjoyable afternoon's sport, and I hope I may be there to see the next. The illustrations which accompany this short account of the day's proceedings will give a good idea of the general features of the affair, and I strongly advise such of my readers as have hitherto only met our lawyers amid the less congenial surroundings of the Law Courts to go and see them in the saddle on the very next opportunity.



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## INSPECTING GAY LAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## Improvements at Newmarket.

If ever there was a place where there was room for a first-class modern hotel it has always seemed to us that Newmarket was the one, and why this want has not sooner been supplied has always puzzled us. It is true that there are already two or three hotels in the town which we have grown used to—the Rutland Arms, and its old-fashioned comfort—but there are none of them large enough to entertain the number of people staying at Newmarket on occasions, and they hardly fulfil modern requirements. The Gordon Hotels and Sir J. Blundell Maple have between them educated people up to a very different condition of affairs as regards hotels to that which obtained twenty years ago, and the modern guest requires many things in the house where he lodges, for only one night even, that the visitor of a few years back never dreamt of expecting in a hotel. At last this question has been solved, and Newmarket placed abreast of the times, by the opening of the Hotel Victoria.

The principle which has more than any other—after that of making it the most complete and home-like in the kingdom—actuated the promoters of this establishment, has been to reserve it entirely for the *creme de la creme* of the racing world, and the highest-class patrons of the sport. This class have up till now been compelled, in consequence of insufficient hotel accommodation, to take rooms or houses in the town for the various race weeks, or at any other time that they visited it for business or pleasure. This usually entailed sending down servants, cook, etc., and going to considerable expense and inconvenience in consequence. This is now at an end. All that anyone who is lucky enough to be able to get there has to do is to engage a suite of rooms at the Hotel Victoria, which will always be at his disposal, either for himself or his friends, to which they can go at any moment without further trouble than that of sending a wire to say they are coming, and where they can make certain of being as comfortable as they are in their own homes. Most of the racing aristocracy have already availed themselves of this opportunity and applied for suites, and the proprietors are even now in the enviable position of being able to dispose of the whole of their rooms in this way at this moment if they wished. A certain number of rooms are, however, to be kept for occasional visitors, though from all we have been told we think it will be easier to gain admittance to the most exclusive of London clubs than to secure a room at the new hotel during a race week.



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## THE COACHES AT THE WINNING-POST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

# THE HUTTON PARK SHIRE STUD.



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HUTTON PARK.

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**A**MONGST the recently-formed studs of Shire horses that of Mr. Edwin Baxter, of Hutton Park, near Brentwood, is one which has been founded on the right lines. Mr. Baxter has had a farther, and I take leave to think a more laudable, object than the gaining of mere show-yard laurels in the formation of the choice stud under notice. Weight and substance for the streets are his especial aims, and there can be no doubt that, whatever may become the fashion of the hour, it is the weighty horse, deep in carcase, with great collar-filling shoulders, great bone and plenty of feather and plenty of foot, that will eventually come to the front amongst the Shires. Both in the sale-yard—where mere "prettiness" is held of no

account—and in the show-yard it is the powerful, serviceable, and sizeable horse that must come to the front.

Having this object in view—viz., the breeding of horses suitable for street work, Mr. Baxter has set about making his purchases with great judgment. The stallions he has standing at his stud are Serjeant VI. 16,389, and Calwich Marksman 12,873, both of whom are descendants of the famous Harold 3,703. SERJEANT VI. 16,389 is now a four year old, and is by Rokeby Friar 14,827—17,970 Chance, by Chancellor 4,959, her dam by Lord Napier 4,550, grandam by Matchless 1,536. Rokeby Friar was by Harold 3,703—7,492 Bittesby, by Gay Lad 3,665, and was third as a two year old at the London show of 1893.

Serjeant VI. is a big, upstanding brown horse, who was second in the three year old class in London last year to Lord Wantage's Moors' Confidence. He is a deep-bodied horse, with big limbs, showing fine Shire character; his feet are big and well shaped, and he is a fine mover. CALWICH MARKSMAN is a bay by Harold 3,703, dam by Conway 3,045. He is now eight years old, and is a wide, powerful horse, weighty in carcase and with the masculine appearance and courage so desirable in a stallion. He was fifth at the London show as a four year old, and in the following year he was third in his class to Scarsdale Rocket and Buckton Harold: he was second to Bar None Conqueror at the Cambridge meeting of the Royal, and he took high honours at several important shows throughout the country. His stock are now

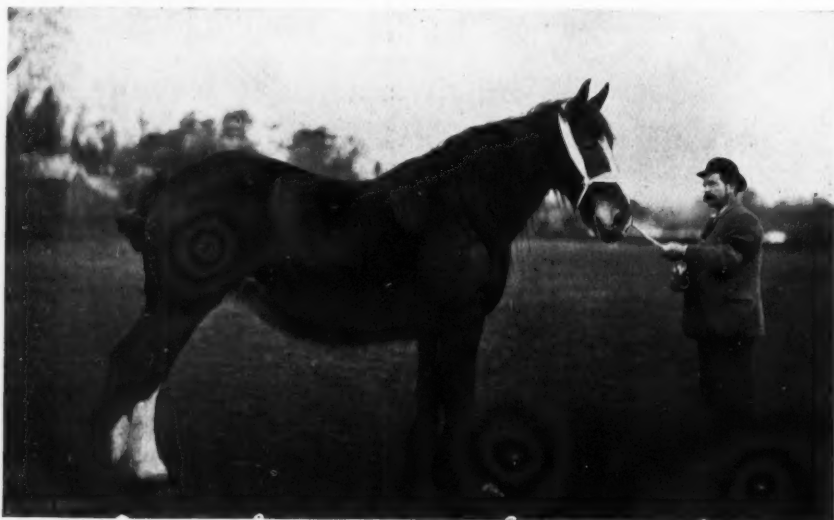


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CHARMER.

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SERJEANT VI.

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Rouch. Mr. EDWIN BAXTER.

"C.L."



well before the public, and they have been successful both at show and market, having won prizes and brought good prices, some yearling fillies by him having made close on 200 guineas.

HITCHIN FAME is a two year old colt by Carlton Fame 9,037—6,473 Hitchin Violet II., by Hitchin Conqueror 4,458. He is a shapely and promising youngster that should grow into a valuable stallion, and he has already made a good mark in the show-yard, having won several prizes as a foal, whilst as a yearling he took first prize at the Norfolk show, and first and the silver medal at Waltham Cross.

That Mr. Baxter has selected his mares with as much judgment as he has selected his stallions is evidenced by the fact that amongst them is to be found that well-known mare and excellent breeder 7,754 CHARMER, by Premier 2,646, dam by Napoleon 1,598.

She is a deep-bodied, short-legged, active mare, with nice quality and good limbs, and she has earned for herself a great name at the stud as the dam of those two really great horses, Eastern Harold and Calwich Combination. She is now fourteen years old, so that there is yet plenty of time for her to breed another or two of the same class.

DUCHESS II. is a promising four year old that was bred by Mr. F. W. Griffin, of Borough Fen, near Peterborough. She is by Salisbury 5,324—5,858 Borough Duchess, by Thumper Junior 2,500, the dam, it will be remembered, of that fine filly the winning yearling at the recent Shire Horse show. This is a rare-bred one, with plenty of weight

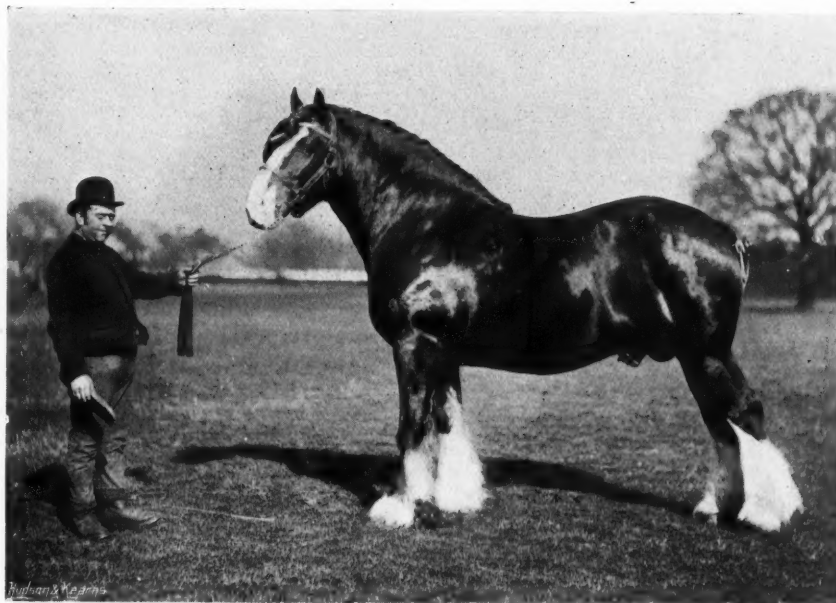


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CALWICH MARKSMAN.

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about her, and she should breed a good foal to Markeaton Royal Harold 15,225, to whom she is nearly due. Borough Duchess, it will be remembered, is an own sister to Mere Duchess, who won in a good class of yearlings at the London show in 1891, and who afterwards went to the Sandringham Stud.

A promising three year old filly that looks like making a high-class brood mare is NORDEN GIRL by Duncan III. 13,006—5,232 Norden Lass, by Whittlesey Briton 2,694, whose sire is by Albert Edward 5,467. She was a good winner as a foal, amongst the prizes won being a first at Lynn, and what was a still greater honour, reserve for the championship. As a yearling she was a winner and reserve for the gold medal at the Essex County show, and she took first prize and the silver medal at the Romford Mare and Foal Show, beating all the brood mares.

Taken on the whole, Mr. Baxter has formed the nucleus of a very valuable stud, and in a few more years he may expect to reap the fruits of his enterprise in the shape of good prize records and good prices.

RED ROVER.

## CHESHIRE CHEESE.

THE rich and toothsome cheese for which Cheshire is famed has of late been rather under a cloud.

After being extolled by many writers from the twelfth century downwards, it seemed likely, some three or four years ago, that it would soon be known to the general public in literature only, and not by taste. Many farmers ceased to make it, and most of those who continued to produce it appeared not to have inherited the skill of their ancestors. It became scarce, and much of that which was obtainable was not of the first quality. But there is now a distinct revival in cheese-making in Cheshire. Farmers are taking greater pride in their dairies, old methods are coming into vogue more and more every year, and, as a consequence, the county's delicious edible is regaining the position it established for itself centuries ago.

There is no probability at present of sufficient cheese being made to meet all demands. Formerly, and not many years ago either, tons were turned out of dairies that are still in existence within a dozen miles of Manchester, whereas, at the present day, only a few hundred-weights are made within that radius. The milk is now put on the rail and sent off to Cottonopolis. And there is the same tendency all over the county. Why? Is the new more profitable than the old system? "I'll tell you how it is," said a cynical factor to whom the writer put this question. "The commonest reason why a farmer doesn't make cheese is because he has a lazy wife. It is less trouble to send off the milk; but then everything goes away when that leaves the farm. Cheese pays if it fetches only 5d. per pound." Some agriculturists, on the other hand, contend that it is to their pecuniary interest to dispose of their milk.

If Cheshire cheese does not become plentiful, it will in all probability be generally superior to that made a few years ago. For generations it was invariably ripened slowly, but numbers of farmers at length departed from the practice of their forefathers by hastening the ripening process. There was a great demand shortly before the

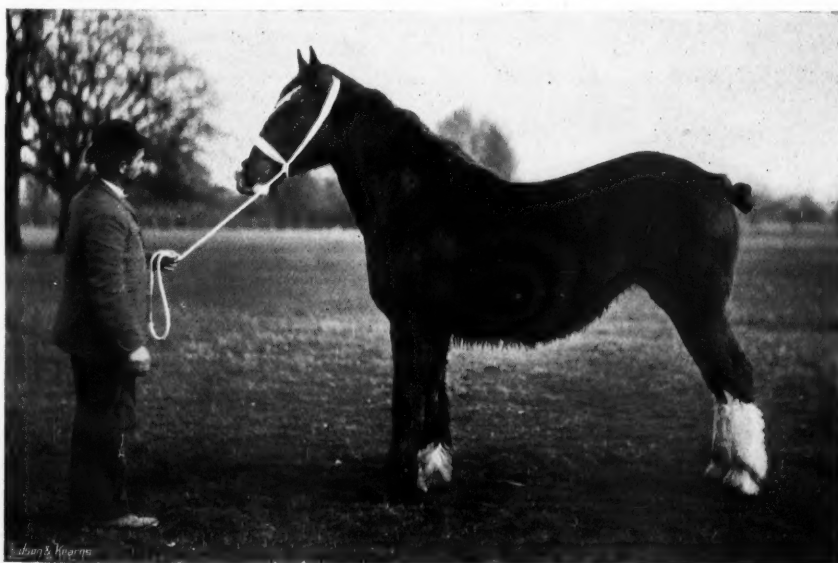


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NORDEN GIRL.

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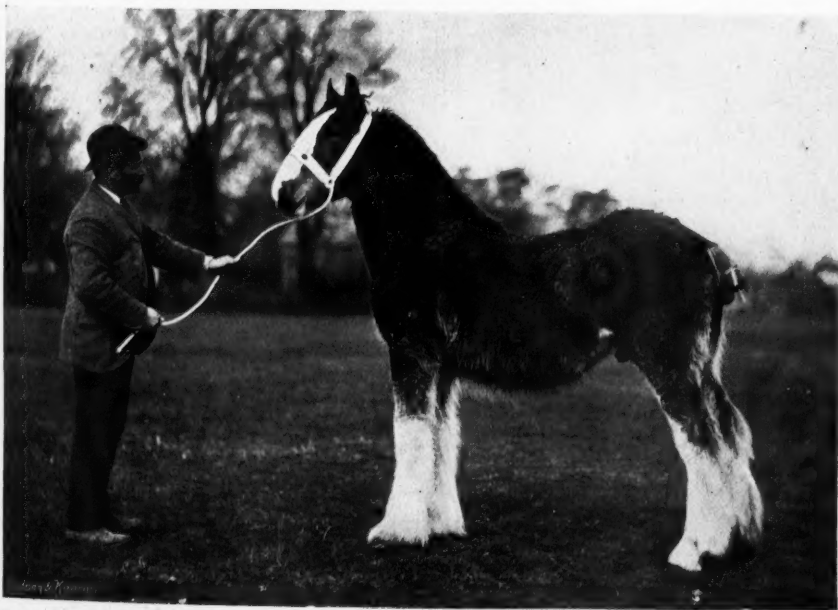


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HITCHIN FAME.

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Lancashire cotton famine for early-matured cheese, of so soft a nature that it could be spread on bread like butter. This indigestible substance was called for by factory operatives only, and the farmers hastened to supply it. When the "panic" paralysed the staple industry of the County Palatine, the workers could not afford to purchase the luxury, and the farmers, not being able to find a market for their dairies elsewhere, had them left on their hands. Profiting by this lesson, they reverted to their old methods, making a cheese fit for any market. After a time, however, they again developed cheese quickly, only to discover once more that that was a mistake. Now it is becoming more general year by year to ripen it slowly. Farmers have, at the same time, to suit the requirements of different markets in one minor detail—that of colour. For Londoners they are obliged to tint their cheese yellow with annatto. Lancashire and North Country folk in general, on the other hand, insist on having it white. If they were offered the produce prepared for metropolitan consumption, they would think an attempt was being made to foist a spurious article upon them. The people of the neighbouring counties seem to have had an idea some years ago that annatto affected the flavour of their favourite cheese—an idea which was, of course, purely fanciful.

"Boose" cheese, made before the cows are turned into the fields, leaves the farms about July or August, while the first lot of grass cheese is sold about October. The great wholesale market is the fair held monthly in the "Linen Hall," Chester, and there is great competition among the factors for the best dairies. Perhaps the choicest cheese comes from the neighbourhood of Beeston Castle and from the salt district, locally known as "the Wiches"—Nantwich, Northwich, Middlewich, and the surrounding places. Middlewich was in the eighteenth century a sort of seat of the Cheshire cheese trade, since it was from that small town that the produce was sent all over the country. In the year 1756 a single London firm purchased about 80 tons of cheese from Middlewich. Owing to the competition referred to,

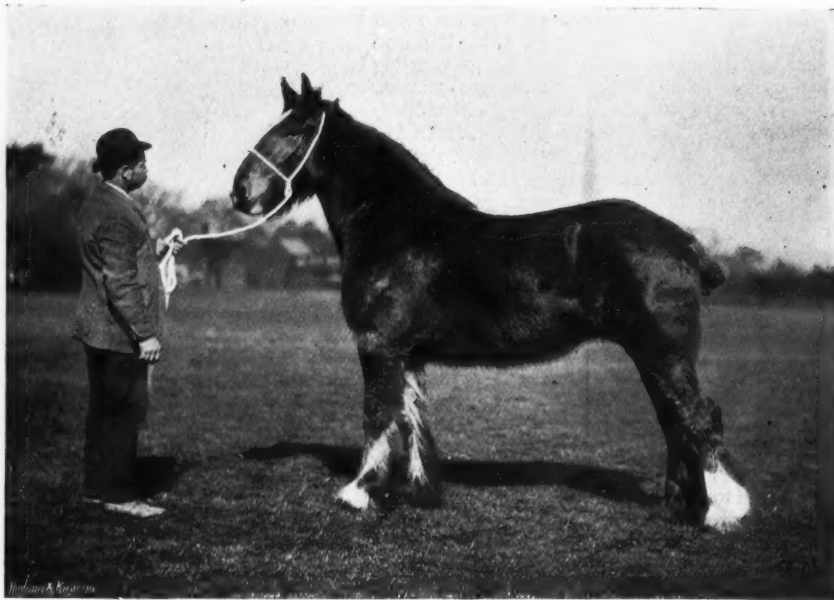


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DUCHESS II.

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exceedingly high prices were realised, and, as the London factors beat the provincial vendors out of the field, local squires and other gentlemen frequently had to send to the metropolis for what was made at their own doors. When, too, the fair was held only four times a year, the demand for cheese was such that the market was often cleared by ten o'clock in the morning.

The farmer whose cheese fetched the highest price made a present to his dairy-maids and other servants, as well as bought a quantity of brilliant ribbons and flowers, with which his men decorated themselves and the horses and waggons. Then the labourers paraded the main streets of Chester, and afterwards proceeded in triumphant state to their own village. But the exact sum which an agriculturist obtained for his cheese was never divulged. That was considered a profound secret. As each man's dairy was under the control of his own wife and daughters, it was for that very reason necessarily the best in the world. What a shattering of ideals there would have been, therefore, had the farmers once begun to make comparisons! This attitude of mind is not uncommon even at the present time. You might as well ask some Cheshire men to let you see their bank book as to tell you the price at which they have sold their cheese. They will mention a price, but not the price.

Another custom of the Cheese Fair still survives. Farmers yet, as from time immemorial, allow factors a very liberal hundred-weight. Instead of 112lb., they give 120lb. Frequently those gentlemen used to insist on receiving 121lb. "An even beam and a pound over," was a common stipulation. But the general rule has always been as it is now, to give 120lb. to the hundred-weight. No doubt this concession was first made to facilitate reckoning, and that it continues to be granted to this day, when it has nothing to recommend it—for farmers are now as quick at calculation as most classes of the community—can only be attributed to that conservatism with which the practice of agriculture is hedged. It has often been proposed to abolish this custom, so far, however, without success. Many years ago, according to a local historian, a clerical landowner told some Cheshire farmers that they had not sufficient sense to protect their own interests. They assembled for the purpose of urging on the Government of the day the desirability of reimposing a duty on corn. After pointing out that such a thing would never come to pass, the clergyman said "it was useless to make laws in favour of a class who were too stupid to take advantage of laws which had already been enacted



Rouch.

SURREY STAGHOUNDS: THE HOUNDS AND SERVANTS.

"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE HOUNDS IN THE Paddock.

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for their special advantage." He then told his fellow-agriculturists that if they would only sell their cheese by the "hundred-weight of 112lb., instead of 120lb., they would by this means alone increase their incomes by more than six per cent." The farmers could not see the point; but nothing can be more certain than that this result would follow—assuming at the same time, of course, that the factors did not promptly make allowance accordingly.

Although Chester Cheese Fair has now lost some of the importance it formerly possessed, it is still well attended by farmers and buyers. The Duke of Westminster and other gentlemen take considerable interest in the market, and a prize is given to the agriculturist who brings into it the most cheese. For this and other reasons it has of late years undergone, to some extent, a process of renaissance. The prices realised for the best dairies do not vary from year to year; they are practically fixed and unchangeable. It may be noted, too, that the largest cheeses made in England are pitched in the "Linen Hall," some of them weighing more than 1cwt. each. Bigger ones have been, and are, made for special occasions. About seventy years ago, for instance, Mrs. Brassey, of Buerston, the grandmother of Lord Brassey, made a cheese about the size of a cart wheel for some family festival of the Stanleys. But Cheshire cheeses in general are the heaviest which leave the dairies of this country. Very many of them weigh from 60lb. to 80lb.

The reputation of Cheshire cheese has doubtless been injured recently by the importation into England of tons of American "Cheshire"—stuff which, though really vile, as well as a sore trial to the gastric juices, is nevertheless so good an imitation that only experts can easily distinguish it from inferior qualities of the genuine article. But the best makes of the delicacy are inimitable, and as long as farmers give us of their best, they will find a ready market for their cheese.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

AFTER BREAKFAST.

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## THE SURREY STAGHOUNDS.

AS almost if not quite the last of our illustrations connected with the hunting season of 1897-98, we lay before the eyes of our readers some pictures of the Surrey Staghounds, of which Mr. F. Gregory is Master. The kennels, as is well known, are at Horleyland, Horley, Surrey. The pack consists of twenty-five couples, and the followers of that pack have shown good sport during the past open season, as in previous seasons. Perhaps the moment may not be inopportune for a brief expression of opinion upon the quality of the sport to be found in hunting the carted deer, whom we show in the act of alighting from his carriage. Controversy upon the subject has lately appeared in our columns. Our own view lies midway between the disputants. It cannot be pretended that the chase of the park-fed deer is to be compared for delight to a run after the wild red stag on Exmoor or in the Quantocks. On the other hand, the tameness of the pursuit and the sufferings of the object of the chase are no doubt exaggerated by the ultra-humanitarians. Of course it is difficult

to enter into the feelings of a hunted stag, and there is no basis for the wholly fanciful comparisons between the sorrows of the wild stag and the park-fed beast when hounds are running. Frankly we do not believe either to be pleasurable; but sport, in the English sense, calls for some suffering in the lower order of animals. On the other hand, the inferences drawn from the strange places in which the "calf" sometimes takes refuge are wholly unwarrantable. A "calf" betakes himself to a back garden, an ashpit, a wash-house, or a gardener's shed. Men say that is because he is tame and desirous of human society. There might be something in the suggestion if Reynard the fox, who is certainly amongst our wildest beast and most cunning, did not often act in the same kind of way. The fact is that both of them simply want to get away, and there would be no fun in hunting them if they did not endeavour to escape, unless indeed they would fight.

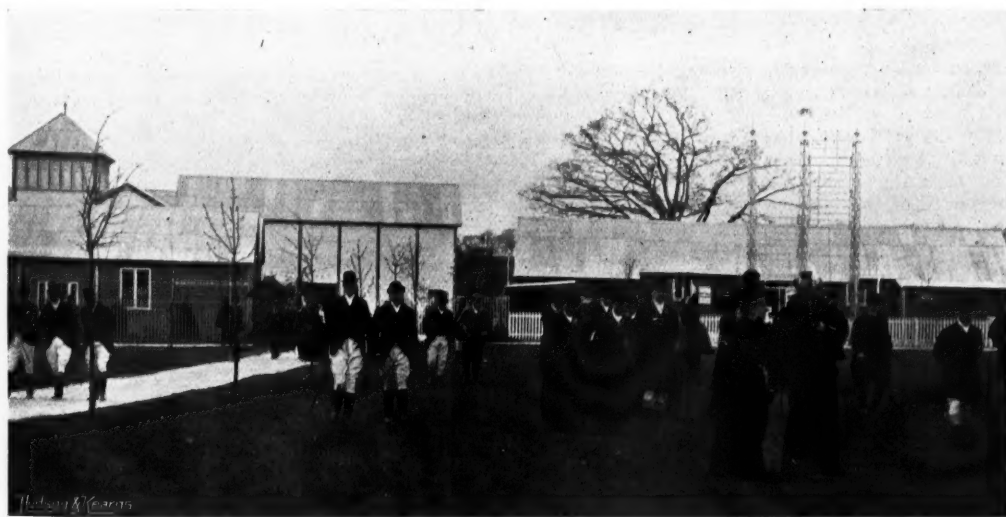


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TIME TO START

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ENLARGING THE DEER.

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## Mange in Foxes.

THIS scourge of fox-hunting has broken out with some virulence in Leicestershire in three of its leading countries. This having attracted a good deal of attention to the subject, it may be well to recall the possible causes of the disease and the best means of checking an outbreak. Mange is a disease which invariably arises in the first instance from dirt and unsuitable food. But when once started it is highly contagious, and spreads rapidly and to a great distance. An eminent veterinary surgeon, who has given special attention to the diseases of dogs, told the present writer that he would not receive into his hospital an animal suffering from the disease, or knowingly take one from kennels where there had been an outbreak, as it was almost impossible to eradicate the germs from any building where such infected animals had been, and it was almost impossible for any dog confined in infected kennels to escape. It is said by many people that a hard-run fox, taking refuge in an earth, is liable to contract mange. But for this view I have not been able to discover any trustworthy facts, and

I should be inclined to doubt the disease originating in this way. At all events, it would not be too much to say that eighty per cent. of the disease arises from contact with turned-down foxes which have been conveyed to their destination in dirty boxes, or kept in infected places before being forwarded. Another source of contagion spreads from cubs kept in confinement and fed by hand, in order that they may be turned out so as to avoid a blank draw in shooting coverts where old foxes are destroyed.

The former of these practices is by far the most common cause of mange. The temptation to turn down foxes is very great, and the better the country from the riders' point of view, the greater the temptation. Where large pastures surround small coverts, Masters will want to bring hounds often to those coverts, so it may be taken as certain that in such countries the natural supply of foxes will fall very far short of the demand. It is true that the sport often will not be very good, as turned-down foxes are generally, though not always, bad runners before hounds. But if there are plenty of foxes a clever huntsman can make a tolerable imitation of a good run by picking up a fresh fox in each small covert. We have seen such a one hunt no less than five foxes in one run. Of course this is not the highest class of sport, and is bad for hounds, but there are a good many people in his field who know no better. Such a run can be made up thus: Find a fox in a small covert, get away quick, run him till you check, cast forward at a gallop to the nearest covert, away again with another, and so on. There would be no particular objection to this plan, for those who like it, if it were not that no natural supply of foxes could stand the racket, except in big woods, and these are not now under consideration. So foxes must be turned down, and this is done far more often than is supposed. Yet it is a fatal practice, for sooner or later there is sure to be an infected fox imported, and an epidemic of mange will spread throughout a wide district. The keeper's cub, too, will



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. SURREY STAGHOUNDS; FIVE MINUTES' GRACE. Copyright—"C.L."

always be a source of danger in certain places so long as human nature is what it is and craves for the rewards and praise of unselfishness without the pains of self-denial. The chief causes having been stated thus briefly, now let us consider the cure. First and foremost, every infected fox must be killed off ruthlessly—dog-foxes, vixens, and cubs. Earths must be securely stopped up. No method of disinfecting is certain. New artificial earths must be made, and must be kept disinfected. A careful man should visit them, with little disturbance, and put some disinfecting fluid into the chambers. The Duke of Beaufort describes an excellent form of artificial earth in the Badminton Library volume on "Hunting." When all this has been done the country will be short of foxes, but that cannot be helped. Few cubs should be killed for a season or two, and the vixens most carefully watched over, and, above all, no foxes must be turned down on any pretext whatever. Nor will the misfortune be altogether without advantage, for hounds and huntsman will have to learn to stick to their hunted fox, and to try their utmost to kill the one with which they started before looking for or finding another.

T. F. DALE.

## SETTERS AT SCHOOL.—III.

I HAD seen some nine summers, so far as memory serves, when I first was allowed to walk with the shooters all through the day, and to mark birds for them, which, in nine cases out of ten, a keen-eyed boy will do far better than any grown man. It is an art in itself, this business of marking—but that is by the way. All the shooting from that divine country house was done over dogs, and they were of the best, until a great burly Yorkshireman, who understood pheasant rearing and negotiations with game dealers and things of that modern sort, but was a palpable ignoramus about dogs, came and ruined the kennel. Then Don and Snipe began to run in, and Hector, the curly retriever, instead of waiting for orders, became the cause of yells worthy of Diomed or the Boaterges brothers, which sent covey after covey of merry brown partridges away into the next

parish. Apart from these youthful experiences, I have since shot habitually over dogs, and, partly perhaps because driven birds present another kind of difficulty, the old plan seems to me the most pleasant. But the general run of dogs appear to get worse and worse every year. They are a delight to the eye, they range fairly wide and find with tolerable certainty, but they have not been grounded as the dogs of old time were, and they are utter strangers to those refinements of training of which, though Stonehenge makes next to no mention of them, General Hutchinson discourses in tones of affectionate conviction. Even though my lines have been cast in pleasant places, where small enclosures and numerous changes of contour defy driving, and compel the use of the setter or the pointer, I cannot, and very few living men can, claim to have seen the setter in perfection,



C. Reid, Wiskaw, N.B.

A LARGE CLASS.

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and with all his capacities of usefulness developed to their full extent.

Of course I have seen both setters and pointers do yeoman's service in finding dead birds hidden among the turnips, or winged birds that had squeezed themselves into some dense hiding-place. Also it has been my fortune to watch with intense delight the skill with which one or the other would "road"—the very phrase is almost forgotten—an obstinate runner. But this achievement was as nothing in the days that were really old. Then it was quite a common practice to teach setters to retrieve, and there is no denying the advantages of the practice, especially in the case of sportsmen so situated that it was a real consideration to them that one dog should be made to do the work of two. "If," says General Hutchinson, "the possession of a large kennel is ever likely to prove half as inconvenient to you as it would to me, you would do well, according to my idea, to dispense with a regular retriever, provided you have a highly-broken setter who retrieves well. I say setter rather than pointer, not on account of his more affectionate and perhaps more docile disposition (for certainly he is less liable to sulk under punishment), but because, thanks to his long coat, he will be able to work in any cover, and that he roads quicker." In truth, the General had a predilection for the setter, and he wrote of "his long, stealthy, bloodlike action" with warm appreciation. Particularly he loved the setter on the ground that "no man who is not over-rich will term that teaching superfluous which enables him to secure in one dog the services of two." His method was of the simplest. All his dogs, when they were puppies, were taught to "fetch" in the usual way; that is to say, by throwing or dropping something soft, and encouraging them, by reward or caress, when they brought it and delivered it into his hand. This instruction was imparted, so to speak, in the nursery; but the retrieving of game killed over them was the climax of their education. Nothing of the kind was permitted during their first season, which was devoted to making them staunch and steady, but as time advanced, and they became confirmed in good habits, they were encouraged to make themselves useful by retrieving also. Their possession of this accomplishment was not the exception, but the rule, and the most elaborate directions are given, so that the sportsman, having his dogs under complete control, and regarding the management of them as an integral part of the day's sport, might never permit two dogs to be



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

### PETRIFIED.

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engaged in retrieving the same bird. Again, you are warned that the dog which finds the game ought always, if it will retrieve, to be allowed the pleasure of fetching it when killed. Nor, says the General in effect, need any man fear that by teaching his setter to "point dead," or to retrieve, there will arise danger that the dog, in "seeking dead," will spring live and untouched birds that may be squatting in the vicinity. The scent of the living bird is—he must be relying on his imagination here—entirely different from the scent of the dead or wounded bird; and—here he is speaking from ripe experience—"no steady, experienced dog will fail to point any fresh bird he may come across while seeking for that which is lost." Surely such a dog as this would be priceless to hundreds upon hundreds of sportsmen, especially to those who are compelled to shoot without keepers, and cannot afford the space at home, or the care and attention in the field, which a retriever, whose every instinct is under suppression, calls for.

There was nothing that General Hutchinson could not teach to a sporting dog, and there was nothing more distasteful to him than a dog so trained that half his potential energy went to waste. For example, his dogs that retrieved were trained to gather wounded birds first, a very useful and sagacious accomplishment; and he declared that, if the retriever proper had any special advantages in covert, it was quite ridiculous that he should not be encouraged to hunt in the immediate neighbourhood of his master, and "give the same services as a mute spaniel." Again, while he insisted on the paramount necessity of working dogs up to windward, and would go through any quantity of trouble in teaching them until it became a second nature to them so to work, he knew the meaning of comfort, and, when the dog's education was complete, he would stand still himself and make the dog fetch the necessary compass and bring the field, or it might be the piece of moor, up against the wind.

In the same manner he preached with some earnestness and with obvious reason on the desirability of teaching setters and pointers to head running birds. To this, it appears, he was inspired by the sagacious and untaught manoeuvre of one Grouse, a lady of undisciplined nature. "She seemed to have the power of going direct to where birds lay without taking the preliminary trouble of searching for them; and, when the packs of grouse were wild, I have seen her constantly leave her point, make a wide circuit, and come up in such direction as to get them between herself and me."



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

### TWO BEAUTIES.

Copyright.

Of a truth it seems to me that the General could teach dogs anything, and that he could do so because he loved them, and lived with them, and studied them, and because he had infinite patience and self-control. Such qualities and opportunities are not given to all of us; but we may all keep his principles in mind.

CANICULUS.



OUR illustration this week is of the Candytuft (*Iberis*) in the rock garden, a position in which this low-growing family is happy, clothing with rich growth and drifts of flowers the bare stone surfaces. We wrote recently of the way *Aubrietias* will cover stony ledges with carpets of flower, and the Candytufts may be similarly used. The hardy Candytufts are evergreen, and welcome for their colouring through the winter, when the Rockfoils, Sedums, and other dwarf plants are fresh as the spring grass. We enjoy the Candytufts when established upon some old wall or hanging over a rocky ledge.

#### THE PERENNIAL KINDS.

These are not numerous but very charming. *Iberis gibraltarica*, so named because of its native rock home of Gibraltar, is not so hardy as the others. It grows a little more than a foot in height, with big white flower heads almost covering the leaves. There is a variety named *hybrida*, much used for flowering during the winter in a greenhouse. *I. Priuri* is a very hardy and beautiful Candytuft, an abundance of ivory-white flowers appearing through the early



C. Metcalfe. A COLONY OF CANDYTUFT IN ROCK GARDEN. Copyright.

summer. Plant it in gritty soil and an eastern aspect on the rock garden. *I. saxatilis* is also a charming kind, of which the variety *I. s. correaefolia* is perhaps the most lavish of the family in its flower display. This kind is propagated from cuttings, and makes a delightful edging. As familiar as any is *I. sempervirens*, which is the common Candytuft of British gardens, and the variety *Garreuxiana* is frequently seen too. These *Iberises* are as popular as the yellow *Alyssum*, and make glad the hardy garden in the spring months when Daffodils, Crocuses, and a host of alpine and lowland flowers welcome the sun. *I. Tenoreana* is scarcely hardy enough to recommend for the outdoor garden generally. In sheltered nooks where the soil is well drained it bears freely its purple flowers, but it is not long-lived. A stock should be maintained by striking cuttings late in summer and planting out the following spring.

#### ANNUAL CANDYTUFTS.

The annual Candytuft is *Iberis umbellata*, and it is from this very hardy species that the many garden varieties have emanated. We need scarcely enter into details respecting the variations from the type, as any good seed catalogue will reveal the names of the most distinct kinds. Seed may be sown in the autumn for an early display in the following year, or in the spring, as in the case of the majority of hardy annuals. Crimson, purple, lilac, white, and shades of these colours are numerous.

#### SOLOMON'S SEAL.

A colony of the larger form of the Solomon's Seal, sheltering by copse margin or near a shrubbery, is one of the spring delights of the year. The strong arching stems and pale green leaves are out of place in the mixed border

where they rise without foil from the bare soil. But in shade and moisture, the Solomon's Seal grows apace until it forms a group large enough to give material for cutting. A few of the graceful stems have their use in the drawing-room decoration. In quite wild spots—copse margins and woodland—the Solomon's Seal will in time become thoroughly naturalised. It is useful also for growing in pots.

#### MAGNOLIA STELLATA AND YULAN.

Two beautiful spring-flowering trees are these Magnolias. *M. stellata* should be called a shrub, as it is dwarf in growth, very hardy however, though from the flower land of Japan. It is known also as *M. Halleana*, but *stellata* is a more descriptive name, as the beautiful white flowers are like big stars on the leafless shoots. We have seen small beds filled with it at Kew, a very charming way of grouping an early-flowering shrub so pure and free as this. There is a flush-coloured variety as early, but it is rare as yet. *M. stellata* may be grown in pots for an early display under glass. *M. conspicua* or *Yulan* is the Lily tree of China and Japan. In late April it seems as if snow had covered the leafless branches, so profuse is the burden of big white flowers. Noble specimens of it may be seen in the gardens of Syon House, Isleworth, and Gunnersbury House, Acton. There are several varieties, *Soulangiana* the most common, and in which the petals are stained on the outside with purple. Shelter from winds and late frosts is desirable.

#### APPLE TREES AND DAFFODILS.

Driving through a Buckinghamshire village lately, a sweet spring picture appealed to us—a cottage patch filled with Apple trees encircled with golden Daffodils. There are many ways of planting flowers to get fair associations of colour, but few fairer than this meeting of Apple blossom and Daffodil in sunny April days. The trees were gnarled, hoary, moss-stained Ribstons that had filled the fruit baskets of many generations, and in the grass dainty colonies of Daffodils grouped as only Nature can group the flowers she strews over vale and hill. To turn to practical matters, we wish flower gardeners would consider that wild gardening is not a frantic haphazard distribution of bulbs, seeds, or mixtures. We learn the great lesson from the way the natural flowers of the earth distribute themselves, in groups or masses, not a pell-mell medley of a hundred things, some mere vigorous weeds, others the gathering together of seeds from plants utterly unsuitable for close planting. A jumble of Anemones, Snowdrops, Snowflakes, and many other early bulbs does not constitute "wild" gardening, except in the sense it is a reflection of an unreasonable mind in regard to flower gardening; but groups of individual things, Snowdrops whitening the meadowlands, Snakes' head Fritillarias in the grass, and Scillas seeking the shade and shelter of shrub and tree, are the kind of pictures that we should consider typified what is known as wild gardening—a beautiful phase of gardening properly considered.

#### THE GLADIOLI.

This is a good time of the year to plant Gladioli. It would require many columns of COUNTRY LIFE to enumerate all the fine varieties in the various sections of the flower worth consideration, but it will be well at first to get the mixtures, and if these succeed well to add what named kinds are cared for. Gladioli are not happy everywhere, but they are bold and handsome in flower, and, as everyone knows who has seen the splendid displays of Messrs. Kelway and Son, of Langport, in the autumn, of very refined and unique colours. A fairly warm situation and deep, well-drained, not too heavy soil are essential.

#### NARCISSUS CYCLAMINEUS.

This is a dainty flower for a moist nook on the rock garden. It is as distinct as any of the Narcissus family in form, the flower like a cylindrical tube, and rich yellow in colour. Some forms are larger than others, but it is always a pleasure to see growing in a small colony where the Calthas and Primula rosea are happy. We have seen it thus placed on the rock garden at Kew, and under such conditions it increases with moderate freedom. It is enjoyable also in pots.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help readers desirous of information about gardening in any of its branches.

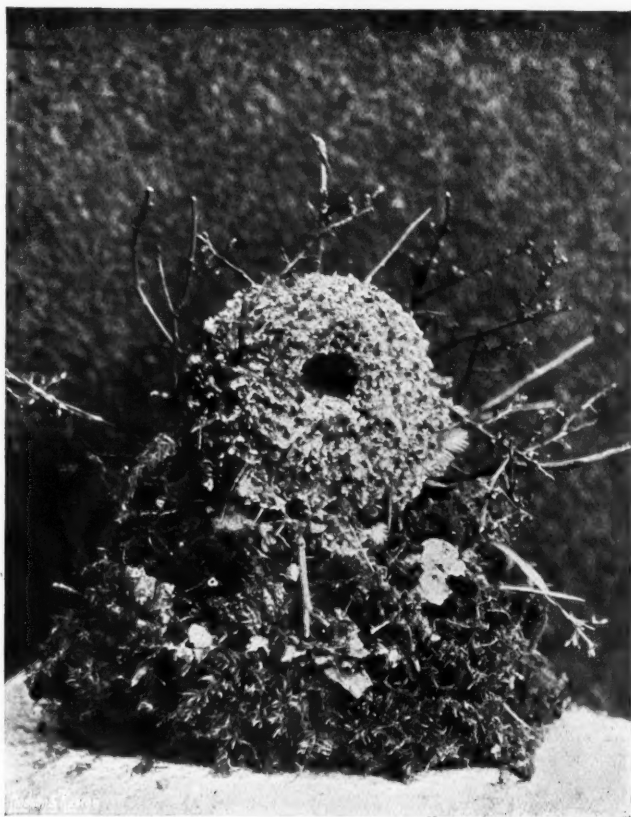
## First-class Bird Architecture.

THOUGH other competitors deserve "honourable mention" for the first prize in English bird architecture, the highest honours are won easily by the long-tailed tit. Those "placed" in the competition would, we think, be the golden-crested wren second, the goldfinch and chaffinch equal third, and the common wren fourth. As the latter makes a domed nest it perhaps deserves a higher place as architect than the chaffinch and goldfinch. On the other hand, as an artistic workman, it shows far less finish, while the long-tailed tit not only excels all the other birds in the appearance, material, and workmanship of its nest, but also in design. It also does what we believe no other bird has the wit to do. It possesses two distinct ideas for the form of its nest, and employs sometimes one and sometimes the other of these plans. All other birds inherit one fixed idea of the shape which their nests should be, though they often show great adaptability and cleverness in varying the material. But the little tit can make either a perfect oval domed nest, or a long nest like a flask with the opening at the "neck," whence one of its rural names—the "bottle tit."

The latter is an uncommon form. The more general is that shown in our illustration, a perfect oval, set in the middle of some very thick bush, with the walls so closely fitted round the twigs that it must be cut out if it is desired to take it. Though the bird is not very common the nest is not difficult to find. Like the second best bird architect, the gold-crest, it builds very early, in April and sometimes in March, before there is a leaf on the trees. The example here shown is from a thick thorn bush, on which the buds have not even burst.

As in the case of most pieces of bird architecture, it is much easier to analyse what the nest is made of than to state exactly how it is made. The work is done at the break of day, the little birds apparently waking up with their heads full of the





NEST OF THE LONG-TAILED TIT.

enterprise in hand, and setting to work before they have their breakfast. Before most people are up they have left off building, and the present writer has only once succeeded in observing them at work. In this case the nest was in a thick clump of brambles. Only the roof and part of one side were finished, but this was interesting, because it showed that the tits, like the Turks, begin their house at the top instead of at the bottom, and get up their roof before their walls. Another curious thing about this nest was that the parts built were very nearly completed as they were made. The segments were smoothed, felted together, and even covered in part with the last touches of ornamental lichen and spider's nest, though the bottom and two-thirds of the side remained to be finished. The birds worked at it from inside and outside, both fetched material, and both acted as builders.

When finished the results were quite as pretty and useful as in the specimen shown here. The nest was—(1) water-proof, and perfectly dry after six hours' rain in April; (2) air-tight all but the door, an important matter when the east winds are blowing; and (3) most exquisitely soft for the eggs to lie on. The "walls" of this lovely little nest are like nothing else made elsewhere, except those of the three nests mentioned above. They are felted together and make one fabric, very difficult to analyse, except on the outside, which is covered with grey scale-lichen, tiny patches of spider's cocoon, and bits of little brown chrysalis, the whole giving it a "hoary" tint. The felting is made of very fine moss, cobwebs, and hair. The lining is of closely-packed feathers; 2,371 feathers were found in one nest, belonging among other birds to the partridge, fowl, peacock, blackbird, thrush, greenfinch, turtle dove, and wood-pigeon.



## IMPROVING FLOWER SHOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has many times occurred to me that these exhibitions are the reverse of artistic, and sometimes positively distasteful. It may seem an unreasonable statement to make, but I can assure you I have never yet seen a show in which the plants have been well grouped, or any respect paid to colour contrast. Plants are massed together in ugly lumps—a host of gloxinias, for instance, crushed perhaps against a blaze of early tuberous begonias, or niggardly bits of plants represented that we know make carpets of colour in the open garden. There is no system about the grouping of plants at the large exhibitions. The scheme of colouring, if any is premeditated, offers violent contrast that offends greatly the

artistic soul, and no new ideas are carried out. They present the same features year after year, even the same kind of flowers occupy the same position as in the previous year. I was pleased, however, to see at the Temple Show of the Royal Horticultural Society last year that rock plants were shown in a natural way. The groups of Messrs. Backhouse and Sons, of York, the Hardy Plant Company, Guildford, and Mr. Pritchard, Christchurch, Hants, were charming indeed. Such little rock gardens, which, though small, were not paltry, surely kindle a love for the mountain flowers of the earth. Your excellent paper, COUNTRY LIFE, has I know condemned the inartistic aspect of exhibitions, and offered suggestions for improving them. A carnation show is an eyesore to me, and the long rows of chrysanthemum flowers seen at the autumn shows are a revelation as to how ugly and commonplace a beautiful flower can be when thus displayed to view. The association of colours is unhappy, too. May I hope if you publish these notes that you will permit readers to offer their opinions upon the subject, and suggest ways of altering the formal and monotonous aspect of present-day shows?—LOVER OF FLOWERS.

[We shall be pleased to receive the opinions of our readers upon this important topic. It is not a new one, but severe criticism of present-day methods has, we feel sure, improved matters a little. We get bolder and freer groups, and fewer paper collars to the carnation flowers; but still greater reforms are necessary.—ED.]

## DAFFODILS NOT FLOWERING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I procured last autumn, from a flower grower in Scilly, 500 daffodil bulbs; I planted them in October amongst the grass in an orchard, taking out and loosening the soil to the depth of nearly a foot, and planting the bulbs about three or four inches deep. I am exceedingly disappointed to find that they have almost all come up blind; the leaves are strong and healthy, but not more than 10 per cent. have flowers or buds. Can you tell me if I can do anything in the way of manuring, etc., to strengthen the bulbs so that they will flower freely another season? Thanking you in anticipation.—ERNEST C. ELLIOTT.

[Probably the bulbs were very small, and hence too weak to flower this year. You will have your reward next spring, as you appear to have treated them correctly. We may remark, however, that this is not a great daffodil year. Many complaints have been made by readers that the flowers are poor or have not appeared at all. You may be in that unfortunate group. We should not lift the bulbs, but let them remain to flower next spring. Allow the foliage to die down and do not interfere with the bulbs.—ED.]

## BOARDING ESTABLISHMENTS FOR DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am about to leave England for the South of France until the end of May, but am rather concerned what to do with my pet fox-terrier, a valuable animal and a most devoted companion. I have communicated with the Board of Agriculture as advised by "Birkdale" a few weeks ago, and have had quite a bundle of papers sent me. It is, however, clear that although there is no objection to my taking the dog abroad, he would not be allowed to return at the end of my holiday, without being quarantined, possibly for three months. On the whole, I would rather be separated from him now than when I return, and would be obliged by your giving the names and addresses of one or two trustworthy proprietors of the doggy boarding establishments mentioned by your contributor "Birkdale."—SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[So long as the quarantine order is enforced, it would be foolish to take your dog when you leave England for the Continent. Boarding establishments are now very common, and the following can be recommended:—J. J. Holgate, Hook, Surbiton; T. Lawson, Primrose Kennels, Glossop; J. Dunford Barrington, Oxon; Winton Smith, Boreham Woods, Elstree; or A. Mutter, Wandsworth, S.W. The charge is very reasonable.—ED.]

## GRIFFONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the last show of pet dogs at the Aquarium, I was much interested in the appearance of a perky little dog of the terrier stamp, described in the catalogue as a griffon. My knowledge of canines is somewhat limited, and I have looked in vain through one or two standard works on dogs for particulars of the variety. I noticed in your "Kennel Notes" a short time ago that a club had been started to further the interests in this country of the griffon. Is it a foreign breed, or an old English one allowed to lose popularity until reintroduced to this country as a novelty? How very curious it seems that some fanciers pay far more attention to foreign dogs than to those so long identified with England.—THETFORD.

[Authorities differ on the question of the origin of the griffon. We ourselves remember a very similar variety in Yorkshire some five-and-twenty years ago known as the "navy's dog." Men engaged constructing railways, reservoirs, and other public works invariably kept one of these little terriers as a pet, hence their name, the "navy's dog." So small were they that it was no difficulty to carry one about in the great-coat pocket. Suspecting that the so-called griffon, on its importation to this country as a novelty a year or two back, was none other than our old friend, we interviewed one of the oldest Yorkshire dealers in the country. He gave us ample proof that a quarter of a century ago he made money by sending all the "navy dogs" he could buy to Belgium. He had not the least doubt that the so-called griffons were descended from the stock he exported.—ED.]

## SENSE OF SMELL IN FISHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There was much in the Fisheries' Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, to interest fishermen, but that which attracted me most of all was the artificial worm of the Formalin Hygienic Company. Now this is a good worm, it is a good counterfeit, and it is not too long to have a turning, but what I want to know—and perhaps some of your angling correspondents can tell me—is whether this lure is likely to be really attractive unless it has something about it of the smell of the real worm? I have a theory, and I should like to know how far it is shared by persons better versed in the matter, that in taking worms fish are very much attracted by the smell. That they have this sense in fine perfection is indicated by their affection for a bait anointed with the iniquitous salmon roe, and also they will take worms in such muddy waters that it scarcely seems reasonable to think they can see them. Of course, in the matter of fly

and phantom minnows it is evident that the fish are not very dependent on their sense of smell, but I cannot help thinking the case is rather different with regard to the worm in the depths of the water. I hope you may find space for this letter and that some correspondents may be able to tell me something definite in the matter.—VERMICELLI.

#### CONCERNING BADGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—It so happens that having spent much of my time in the Western Counties, where badgers are numerous, I have had a good deal of opportunity of studying their habits and of hunting them, and can fully bear out the remarks of some of your correspondents on this matter as to the injury they do by rolling in the standing corn and the necessity of keeping their numbers within due bounds. But at the same time I should like to entreat all badger-hunters to give the creature its fair chance—not to hunt it at the time that ought to be its close season. There is no close season for the hunting of the badger, but there ought to be, the more so because that season is so very well defined. Give the badger a free course from March 1st to July 1st and you will never have to regret, what every true sportsman must regret if it happens to him, the killing of a mother with young children dependent on her. Give the badger a fair chance, as he will give you good sport; and I urge this the more strongly because the hot summer weather is the very worst time for the dogs to be working underground.—A. BROCK.



**M**ONDAY: Evidently I am a person of royal tastes. The Princess of Wales has been following my footsteps and expressing approval of what has always seemed to me the most charming place in England—Cromer. H.R.H. went over from Sandringham the other day and lunched at my pet hotel, The Links, declaring herself, with her invariable courtesy, quite delighted with the surroundings. With or without royal approval, though, I am yearning for Cromer once more, and if only I could guarantee that the north wind would not blow too obtrusively, I would make a little journey there now. Under all circumstances, "if Providence should spare me," as the old women always say reverently, deeming Providence lucky to have the chance, Whitsuntide and I will meet on the coast of Norfolk, when the rhododendrons should be bursting into purple bloom, and the ferns—those wonderful ferns—are at their greenest. But why am I contemplating the joys of the future when those of the present are so eminently satisfactory, including as they do so many new and beautiful clothes.

There is much prejudice in favour of chiffon. I have seen boas and muffs and hats entirely made of this fascinating fabric, while many miles of it are devoted to the confection of evening frocks. After all perhaps these last are its legitimate destiny. Ideal ball gowns may be made of white chiffon with insertions of ivory lace, the bodices being much gathered and pleated, with sashes of chiffon edged with lace. Such fashionable orders are not to be cheaply obeyed, but that is a minor drawback to their attractions; indeed, I am not very sure that it is not a major advantage. Chiffon dresses set better when mounted over Liberty satin, Liberty satin being now the best silk fabric to be obtained, adapting itself with singular efficiency to the needs of the simple shirt, the teagown, and the ball dress.

The simple shirt is a garment upon which we are, in spite of our many vows to the contrary, continuing to smile. Given a coat and skirt costume—I wish I had been, several—its complement must necessarily be a shirt or vest. The vest is perhaps unsatisfactory, for it is a well-known fact that the moment you are sleeveless beneath your coat is the very instant you feel so warm you must remove your outer garment. How often have I lunched in my thick jacket feeling deeply the deficiencies of my under-bodice! Moral:—Always to have an under-bodice with sleeves. The shirt form unlined, of Liberty satin, may be cordially recommended; supplied with insertions and beadings and a cravat to match, it can be made sufficiently expensive to satisfy the most prodigal, amongst whom I must write down Essie—one of my dearest friends. She is quite wrapped up in clothes this week—metaphorically and actually, of course. She has bought a new gown every day, her latest triumph being a fine black alpaca with inserted medallions of ivory guipure all over it. This, worn with a kilted front of white lisse, and crowned with one of the new hats which turn up from the face to show a large jetted white tulle rosette with three jetted quills at one side, forms an absolutely admirable costume, which were I not above all the petty feelings of my sex I should grudge her sincerely. Black alpaca with ivory lace insertions achieves conspicuous successes amongst many costumes of brighter hues.

**WEDNESDAY:** Nellie says I have neglected her very much lately. I have written and dared to publish long diaries, with observations on Essie's frocks and Essie's good and bad tempers, and have omitted to chronicle her more important moods and modes, so I will leave Essie and devote myself this morning to



GOWN OF BLUE CLOTH WITH LACE COLLAR AND SATIN YOKE.

Nellie. I do not know that she has done anything of the least interest, unless she would like me to mention that she skates worse and worse every week, that in her devotion to Tom she occasionally omits some acts of devotion to me of which I am pre-eminently deserving, and that she is terribly well-informed as to the domestic details of her well-ordered house, and can tell me at any moment which is the day for "turning out" her drawing-room. If the Fates ever accord me a household, which I am particularly fitted to mismanage, I shall suggest that all the outward evidences of cleaning should be removed before I leave my bedroom in the morning. It wounds me deeply to meet my favourite chair turned out of my favourite corner and placed upon the landing in an undignified attitude, bearing upon its seat three cane chairs set on their hind legs.

But I quite forgot I promised Nellie I would detail her new frocks; thus shall she go down to posterity as worthy of all admiration. Her evening gown, which is labelled "for home wear," partakes strongly of the nature of a teagown. The back of it is made of a finely-spotted silk muslin, through which shimmers softly an under-dress of ivory Liberty satin. Coarse lace of an écreu tone outlines the shoulders and the front, while a little quilling of lisse puts in its appearance at the square décolletage, and three folds of satin decorate the hem round the back, the sleeves being softly gathered to the wrist and made of the spotted muslin. I like its effect with the coiffure adorned with a rose over the right ear, and happily we have arrived at the conclusion that flowers in the hair are permissible, the newest hair ornaments being made of an upright blossom from a little puff of spangled tulle. Girls who wear their hair low in the neck, decorate it in the top of the knot with a cluster of roses, and remarkably pretty effects may be gained, at moderate sums, by a little group of violets in the hair surmounted by a smaller group set in a frame of green leaves, these being placed on to a stalk.